

No. 85

MARCH...TEN CENTS

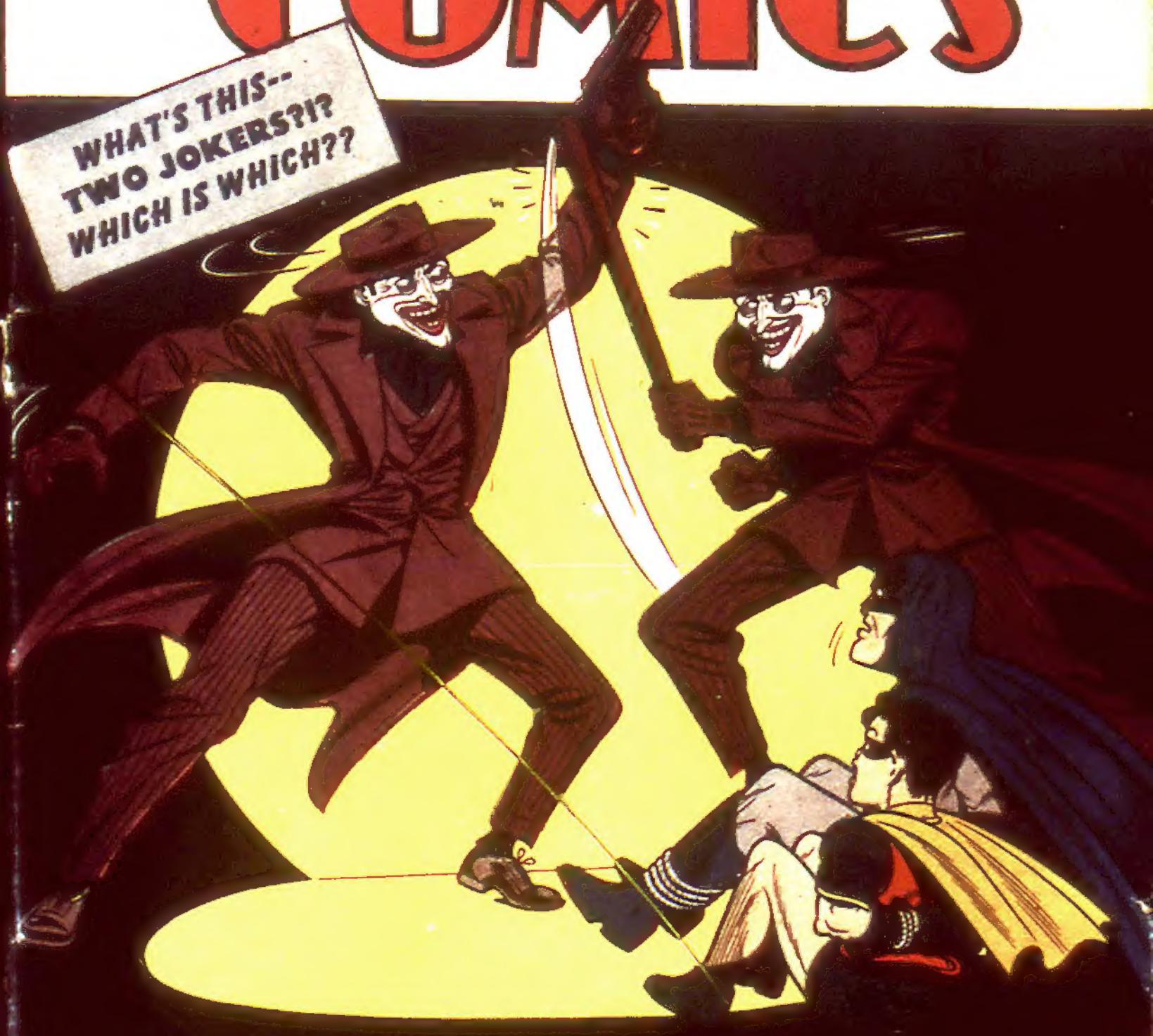


BATMAN

Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WHAT'S THIS--
TWO JOKERS??
WHICH IS WHICH??



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**SUPERMAN DC
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*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarters; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year for the duration.

GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK**.

Director of Children's Reading,

CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

SPONGER'S JINX

by Bert Sackett

Illustrated by Clayton Knight



Diving for sponges is a dangerous business. It calls for courage and great skill.

Captain Tillis, like other sponge fisherman on the gulf coast of Florida, was a Greek-American and had brought his skill from the "old country". And now his son was seventeen and eager for his chance to go down to the ocean's bottom and bring up the valuable sponges that grew there.

But the hurricane that wrecked Captain Tillis's boat swept the captain to his death, and left young Soc to struggle for himself against the unfairness and bitter superstitions of the other spongers. The odds seemed to be all against him. Even when his father's friend gave him a chance on his boat things seemed to go wrong.

Then suddenly there was serious trouble. Stalios, his father's old enemy, was caught on the bottom, pinned beneath a coral reef, that had been blasted by U. S. bomber practice. Soc was inexperienced but willing to risk his life. Bringing the stricken diver to the surface was a feat which changed the attitudes of the men toward Soc and set him on the road to his dearest wish—a sponging boat of his own.

This is a fine new book. Ask your librarian about it.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

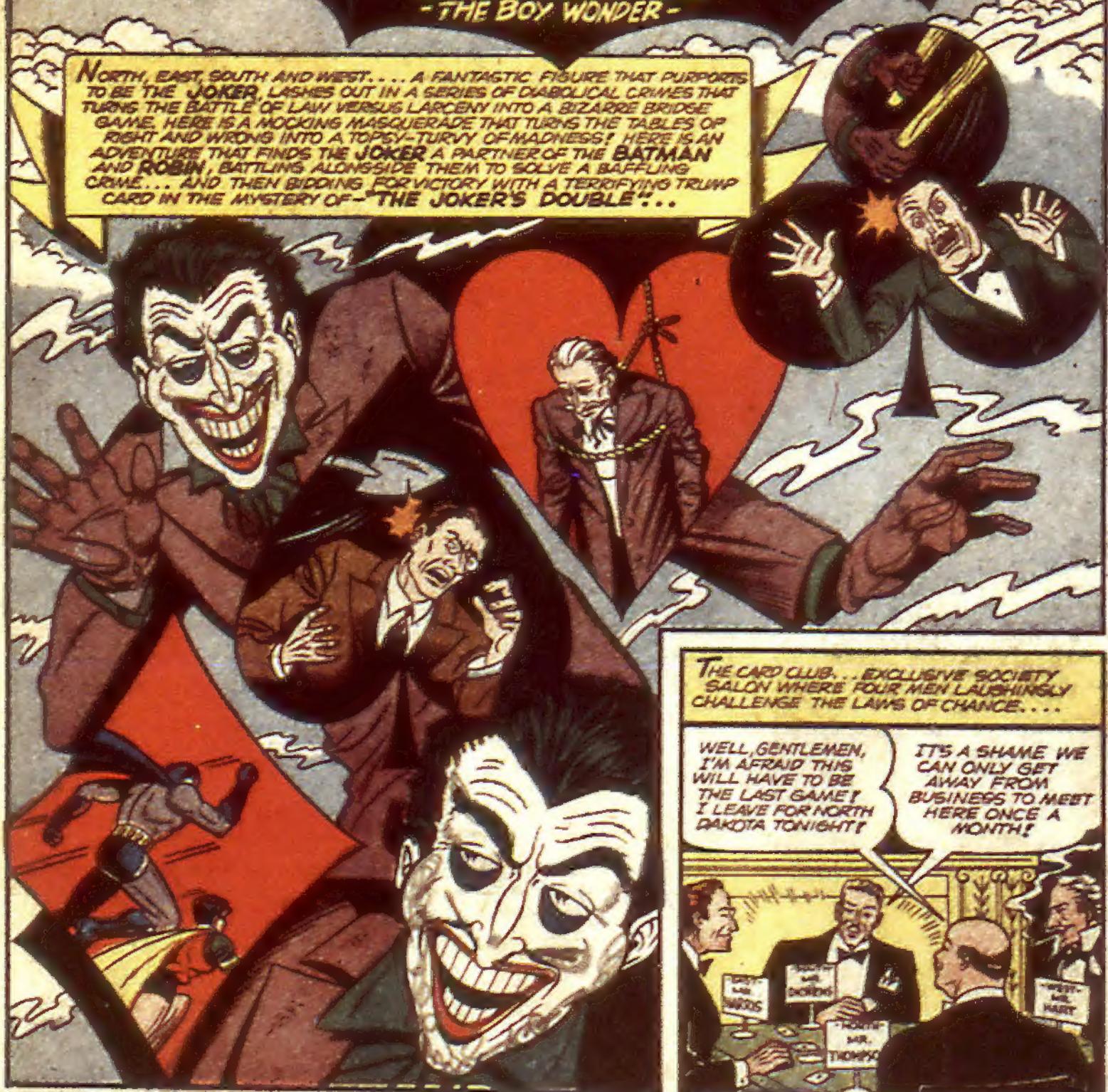
(Code Uranus No. 6)

QK GXK ROBOTM LUX ZNK LAZAXK. OTBKYZ
OT ZNGZ LAZAXK LUX EUAXYKRZ. HAE G CGX
HUTJ UX YZCSV ZUJGE!

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

NORTH, EAST, SOUTH AND WEST... A FANTASTIC FIGURE THAT PURPORTS TO BE THE JOKER, LASHES OUT IN A SERIES OF DIABOLICAL CRIMES THAT TURNS THE BATTLE OF LAW VERSUS LARCENY INTO A BIZARRE BRIDGE GAME. HERE IS A MOCKING MASQUERADE THAT TURNS THE TABLES OF RIGHT AND WRONG INTO A TOPSY-TURVY OF MADNESS! HERE IS AN ADVENTURE THAT FINDS THE JOKER A PARTNER OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, BATTLING ALONSIDE THEM TO SOLVE A BAFFLING CRIME... AND THEN BIDDING FOR VICTORY WITH A TERRIFYING TRUMP CARD IN THE MYSTERY OF "THE JOKER'S DOUBLE"...



THE CARD CLUB... EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY SALON WHERE FOUR MEN LAUGHINGLY CHALLENGE THE LAWS OF CHANCE....

WELL, GENTLEMEN,
I'M AFRAID THIS
WILL HAVE TO BE
THE LAST GAME!
I LEAVE FOR NORTH
DAKOTA TONIGHT!

IT'S A SHAME WE
CAN ONLY GET
AWAY FROM
BUSINESS TO MEET
HERE ONCE A
MONTH!



AS THE FOUR MEN PREPARE TO LEAVE...

IT WAS A
PLEASURE
PLAYING
WITH YOU, MY
FRIENDS! I
HOPE WE'LL
SOON ENJOY
ANOTHER
RUBBER OF
BRIDGE!

I'M
SURE
WE
WILL!
PLEASANT
TRIP!

SAME
TO YOU!

DEEP IN THE BLEAK, BADLANDS OF
NORTH DAKOTA, A GIANT FACTORY
GROWS ACROSS ACRES OF PLAINS.

TWELVE
O'CLOCK
AND
ALL'S WELL!

LIKE THE WILD NORTH WIND
CREEPING THROUGH THE SMALLEST
CRACK, A SHADY FIGURE SLIPS
INTO THE LONELY BUILDING...

TO TAKE FOUR ROADS LEADING TO
DIFFERENT POINTS OF THE COMPASS
... AND FOUR STRANGE DESTINIES!

A MASTERCRAFT OF MAKE-UP! IF
THE JOKER WERE TO SEE ME NOW! HE
WOULD WELCOME ME AS HIS LONG-
LOST TWIN-BROTHER... IF HE
EVER HAD ONE!

WIELDING HIS CRUEL WEAPON
LIKE A BLUDGEON, THE JOKER'S
DOUBLE STRIKES ONCE...

THE
JOKER!
AAAHHHH!

GOOD EVENING, THOMPSON!
ALLOW ME TO PRESENT
MY CALLING CARD! I
ALWAYS CALL A
SPADE A CALLING
CARD!

AND ONCE MORE SCANDALIZED SOCIETY
SHOUTS IN STUNNED PROTEST...

TEN... ELEVEN...
TWELVE THOUSAND! NOT
BAD AT ALL! I'M AFRAID
MR. THOMPSON'S BUSINESS
CURVE HAS TAKEN A SHARP
TURN FOR THE
WORSE!

WITH A FINAL GESTURE, THE
JOKER'S DOUBLE FLINGS THE
SYMBOL OF THE MASTER OF
MOCKERY IN THE FACE OF
JUSTICE...

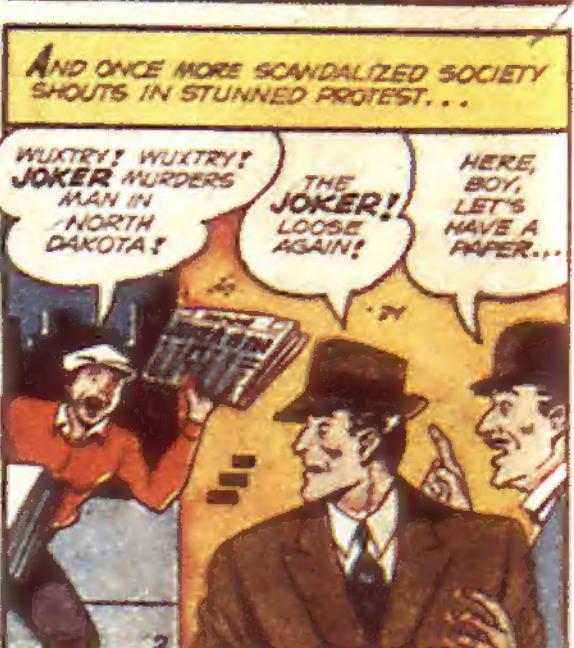
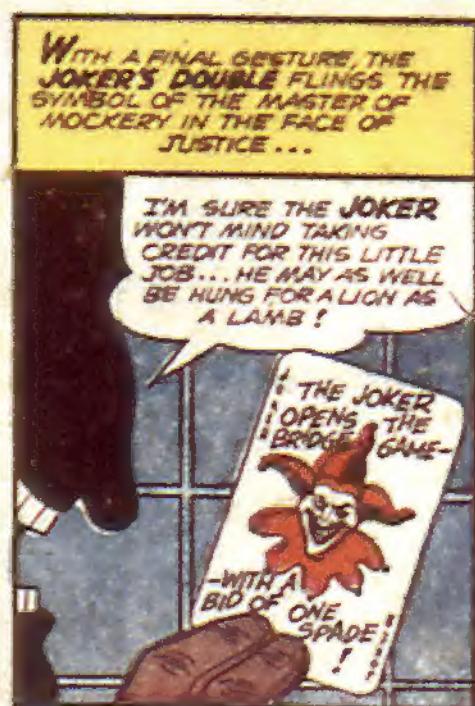
I'M SURE THE JOKER
WON'T MIND TAKING
CREDIT FOR THIS LITTLE
JOB... HE MAY AS WELL
BE HUNG FOR A LION AS
A LAMB!

THE JOKER
OPENS THE GAME
WITH A
BID OF ONE SPADE!

WUXTRY! WUXTRY!
JOKER MURDERS
MAN IN
NORTH
DAKOTA!

THE
JOKER!
LOOSE
AGAIN!

HERE,
BOY,
LET'S
HAVE A
PAPER...



ALMOST FASTER THAN THE NEWS CAN SPREAD--THE JOKER'S DOUBLE STRIKES AGAIN--IN SOUTH DAKOTA!

THE GAME MOVES
QUICKLY...
LOOKS LIKE IT'S
TIME FOR ME
TO CONTRIBUTE
ANOTHER CRIME
TO THE REAL JOKER'S
INFAMY!

TINY PEBBLES PATTER AGAINST
THE WINDOW PANE--MUTED
MESSENGERS OF DOOM FROM THE
DOUBLE!

NOW TO SEE
IF BANK
PRESIDENT
DICKENS IS
CURIOS...
AH--HE'S AT
THE WINDOW!

AN UPTHRUST WINDOW--A CURIOUS
GLANCE OUTSIDE--AND THE JOKER'S
DOUBLE WIELDS A PAIR OF
MURDEROUS CLUBS!

NICE OF YOU TO
ANSWER MY CALL,
DICKENS. I HOPE MY
INTENTIONS GO
STRAIGHT TO YOUR
HEAD!

WHA...
OHHHH!

SECONDS LATER...

AND SO DICKENS' BANK
MAKES A 'CONTRIBUTION TO
MY POCKET, AND THE JOKER'S
DOUBLE MAKES A CONTRIBUTION
TO THE CRIME CLOWN'S RECORD!
NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT ME!

AGAIN THE
JOKER'S
DOUBLE DROPS
A MISLEADING
CHALLENGE...

"THE JOKER
BADS TWO
CLUBS!"

SUCH MODESTY!
I HATE TO GIVE
THE JOKER CREDIT
FOR MY CLEVERNESS!

FAR FROM THE FRIGHTENED CROWDS
IN THEIR HIDDEN GARAGE, BRUCE
WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON, DISCUSS
THE ELECTRIFYING NEWS AS THEY
TUNE THE BATMOBILE FOR
SERVICE...

TURNING
CRIME INTO
A KIND
OF CARD
GAME?
THE JOKER'S
DONE IT
AGAIN!

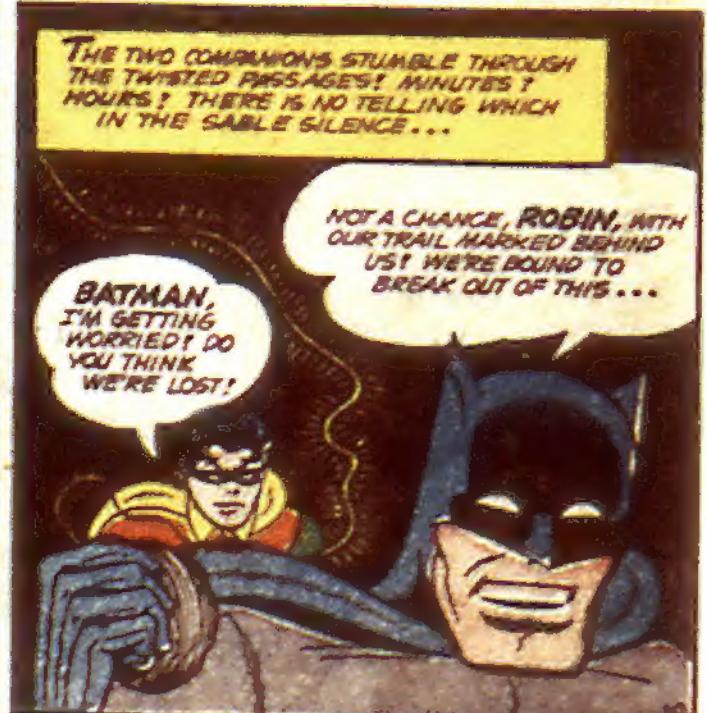
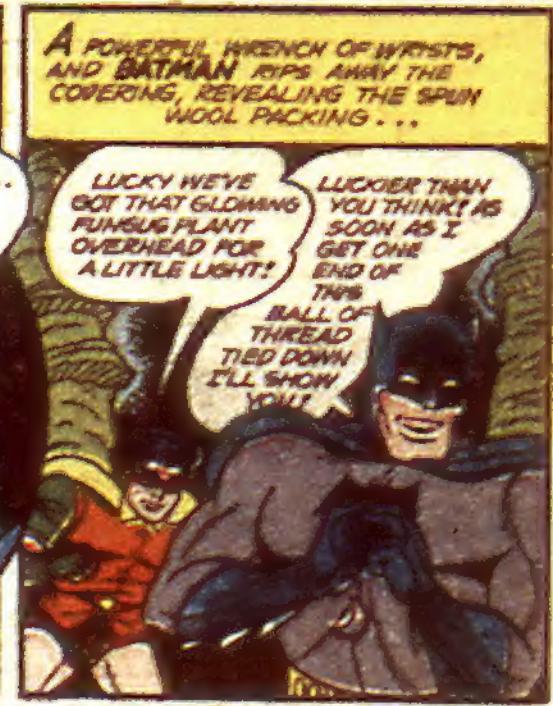
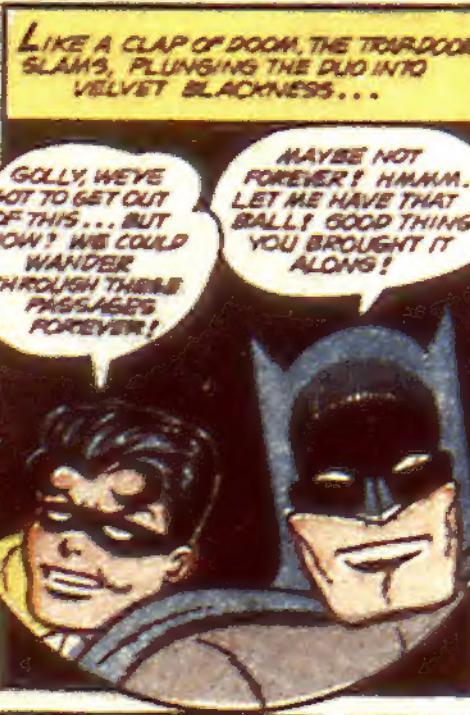
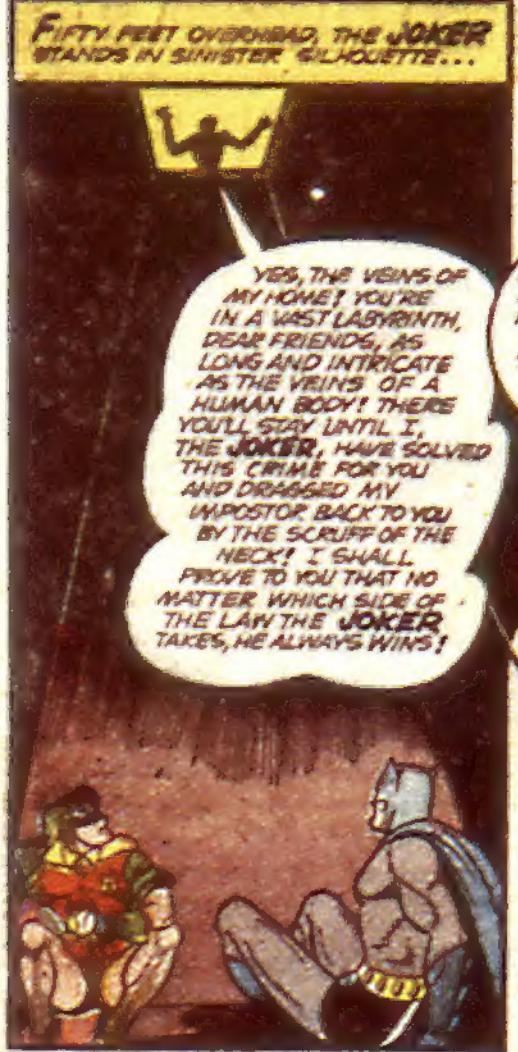
I'M NOT SO SURE,
DICK! IT'S NOT LIKE
THE JOKER TO KILL TWO
MEN TO DEATH WITH A
SAFETY PIN AND CLUBS! I
THINK SOMEONE'S
TRYING TO PLANT THOSE
MURDERS ON THE JOKER.

YOU'RE
NOT
DEFENDING
THE JOKER,
ARE
YOU?

NO, I'M NOT! THE JOKER
IS AMERICA'S MOST
CUNNING CRIMINAL, BUT
AT THE SAME TIME HE HAS
HIS OWN PECULIAR CODE OF
HONOR! AND THAT CODE
DOES NOT INCLUDE
CLUMSY, BRUTAL CRIMES!
THERE'S A LOT MORE TO THIS
THAN MEETS THE EYE!

HERE...GET THAT TIRE
BLOWN UP...I'M GOING OUT!
BOTH DICKENS AND THOMPSON
WERE MEMBERS OF MY CLUB!
MAYBE I CAN PICK UP A
FEW CLUES THERE WHILE
THE POLICE ARE
INVESTIGATING!





THEM LURE A LIGHTHOUSE BEACON,
THE FAINT GLOW OF TWILIGHT FILTERS
THROUGH A DISTANT HOLLOW DOOR

THERE
IT IS,
ROBIN,
THE WAY
OUT!
PROBABLY
ONE OF
THE JOKER'S
SECRET
EXITS!

AM I GLAD WE
FOUND IT! WE
CAN'T LET THE
JOKER GET THE
JUMP ON US
IN THIS
CASE!

THE JOKER
MAY BE FIGHTING
ON THE SIDE OF
THE LAW, BUT IT'S
LIKE THE JOKER
TO MAKE A PROFIT
FOR HIMSELF
WHENEVER HE
FIGHTS!

LIKE TWIN THUNDERBOLTS,
THE BATMAN AND ROBIN
FLASH BACK TO THE
BATPLANE!

THE DOUBLE'S CRIMES
HAVE FOLLOWED THE
PATTERN OF A BRIDGE GAME.
A DIFFERENT CARD SUIT
WAS INVOLVED IN EACH:
FIRST A SPADE, THEN TWO
CLUBS AND NOW THREE
HEARTS... THE ONLY SUIT
LEFT IS DIAMONDS...

THE CRIMES WERE
COMMITTED AS THOUGH THE
COUNTRY WERE A BRIDGE
TABLE! NORTH DAKOTA...
SOUTH DAKOTA... WEST
VIRGINIA... THAT LEAVES
EAST—AND NO STATE
BEGINS WITH EAST...

WAIT A MINUTE,
ROBIN! VIRGINIA
IS EAST OF WEST
VIRGINIA! SEE!
NORTH AND SOUTH
DAKOTA... WEST
AND EAST VIRGINIA!

HARRIS, A MEMBER
OF THE CARD CLUB, HAS
A CURIO SHOP IN RICHMOND,
VIRGINIA... AND HARRIS
OWNS A FAMOUS SET OF
DIAMONDS...

THAT'S ALL
WE WANT
TO KNOW!

BURNISHED BLACK WINGS
SHIMMERING UNDER THE NIGHT
SKY, THE BATPLANE BLADES
EASTWARD TO VIRGINIA...

I'M JUST WONDERING
WHO COULD HAVE
THE AUDACITY TO
IMITATE THE
JOKER!

WELL
FIND OUT
BEFORE THE
NIGHT IS OVER!

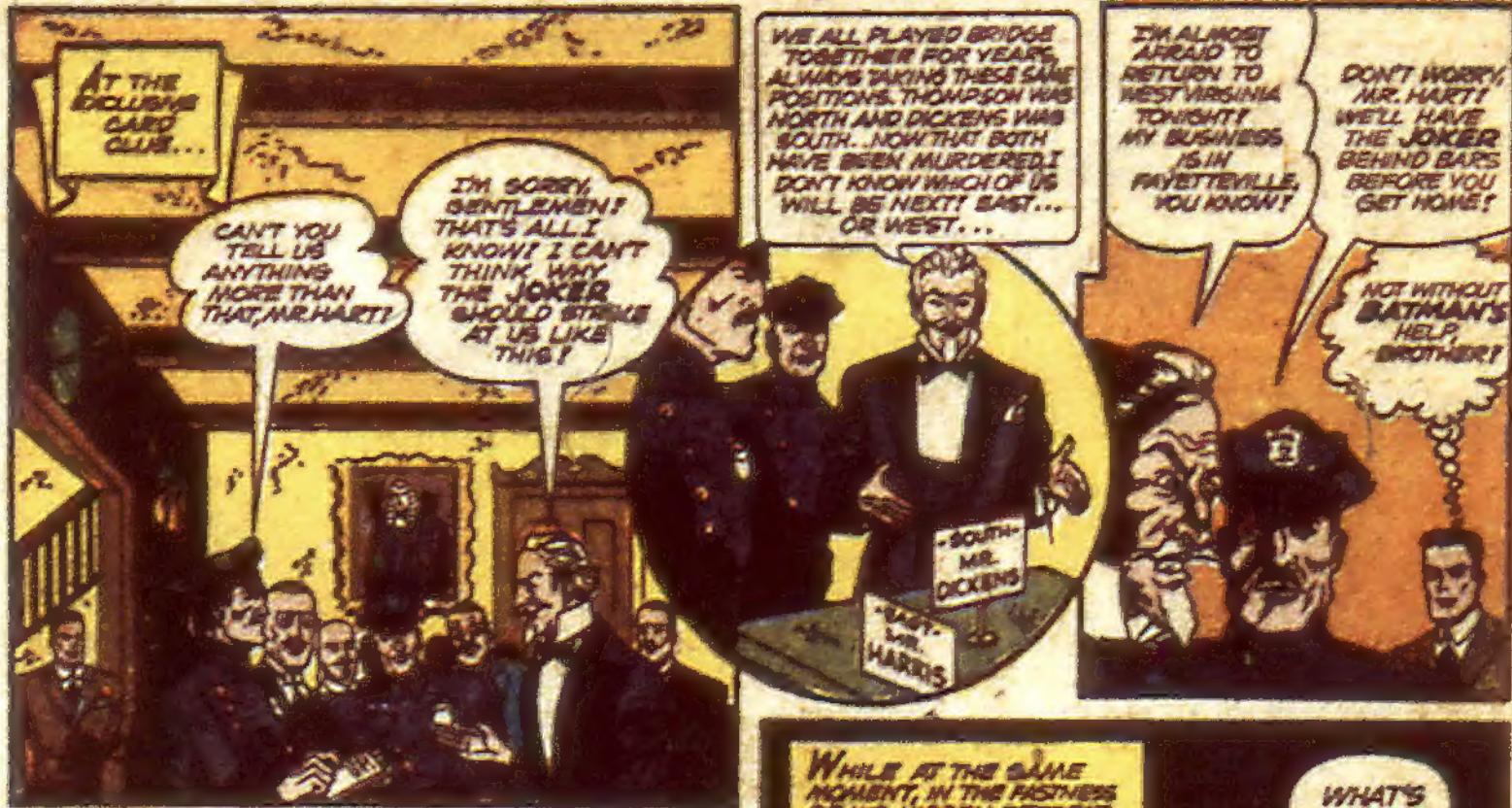
NIGHT CREEPS ON... AND IN THE
RICH JEWELRY DISTRICT OF
RICHMOND, A FIGURE FLITS
INTO A CURIO SHOP...

HARRIS
CURIOS

WITH THE
JOKER AND
BATMAN OUT
OF THE WAY,
FIGHTING EACH
OTHER, THE ROAD
IS OPEN FOR
ME!

INSIDE—A MUSTY MAZE OF TREASURES
FROM THE WORLD OVER, AND THE
FIGURE KNEELS BEFORE AN
ANCIENT CAFE...

FOUR DIAMONDS! WHAT BEAUTY!
WHAT PERFECT STONES! WITH
THIS, THE TEMPORARY JOKER
MAKES HIS FINAL BID!



ONE AVENUE OF INFORMATION A DEAD-END—BRUCE AND DICK TAKE THE ONLY REMAINING ROAD—THE ROAD TO ACTION!



SO THE INDEX SHOWS NOTHING ON MAKE-UP... NONE OF THE CROOKS WHO SPECIALIZE IN COSTUMES IS OUT OF JAIL... VERY WELL, THE JOKER'S NOT BEATEN YET... I'LL TRY THE FILES ON CRIME METHODST! WHAT THUGS SPECIALIZE IN BEATING THEIR VICTIMS?...

NOTHING... THOUSANDS OF CROOKS, BUT NOT ONE HAS EVER USED A CLUB OR A SPADE... THERE ISN'T A CLUE IN ALL MY FILES! I MUST START OUT ON A BARE TRAIL!

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MUGS MC-KANN-H-WEIGHT 5'10"
WT 161; SECOND-SORY MAN,
SPECIALTY-LEAD-PIPE!

VERY WELL, THENT EVEN IF IT MEANS THAT I MUST NOW FIGHT ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER, I'LL SMASH THIS CHEAP IMITATION AND EXPOSE HIM! NO SACRIFICE IS TOO GREAT TO MAINTAIN THE HONOR OF THE JOKER!

GENTLEMEN... I GIVE YOU JUSTICE! THE JOKER TURNS DETECTIVE AT LAST AND JOINS HIS ARCH-ENEMIES IN A FIGHT AGAINST CRIME...

A GLASS-SHATTERING CRASH AS THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE DRINKS A TOAST TO HIMSELF...

THE JOKER ALONE WILL PROVE THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY... HA-HA-HA!

NO DOUBT THE BATMAN AND THAT BRAT, ROBIN, ARE ALREADY ON THE TRAIL OF MY DOUBLE! FINE! I'LL JOIN THEM... SO THE JOKER JOINS FORCES WITH THE BATMAN... WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE!

BATMAN! ISN'T THAT HART'S FACTORY? LOOK THERE... IT'S BURNING!

LOOKS LIKE HART'S MUNCH ABOUT TROUBLE WAS RIGHT! THE JOKER BEAT US TO IT, ROBIN!

GIANT MOTORS MOANING THEIR POWER, THE BATPLANE DOWNS DOWN TOWARD EARTH IN A POWER DIVE...

THERE'S THE JOKER... HE SEES US COMING - AND HE'S RUNNING AWAY! THAT'S NOT LIKE HIM!

TAKE CARE OF THE PLANE, BATMAN... I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE JOKER!

HOURS LATER, LOFTING THROUGH THE NIGHT-SKIES LIKE A GIANT WINDED CREATURE, THE BATPLANE SPEEDS IN SPACE TOWARD FAYETTEVILLE.

I HADN'T COUNTED ON THEM SHOWING UP... I WONDER WHAT THE REAL JOKER WOULD DO IN A CASE LIKE THIS!

WITH THE FORCE OF A HALF-TON FIST, THE REVOLVING ROLL OF NEWSPRINT SLAMS THE JOKER'S DOUBLE BACK...

ALL SET, BATMAN. LOOKS AS IF THE JOKER HAS BEEN UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED!

MUSTN'T RUSH OFF WITHOUT TAKING YOUR PAPER WITH YOU, JOKER!

OOOF!

BURNING
HEART PRESS

NICE WORK,
ROBIN... NEAT
AND NOT GAUDY!
NOW TO FIND
OUT WHETHER
THIS REALLY
IS THE JOKER!

I'M GLAD
YOU LIKE THE
WELCOME MAT
I LAID OUT
FOR YOU!

BUT THE JOKER'S DOUBLE HAS
PREPARED A WELCOME OF HIS
OWN IN KEEPING WITH HIS
CRUDE METHODS...

THIS WILL EXTINGUISH
ALL YOUR FAMOUS
'FIGHTING SPIRIT'
BATMAN! IT'S
THE JOKER'S WAY OF
BIDDING THREE
HEARTS!

WATCH
OUT,
ROBIN!

YOU'RE
A LOT EASIER
TO TAKE THAN I
THOUGHT YOU'D BE,
BATMAN... AND YOUR
FRIEND IS JUST EXCESS
BAGGAGE!

YOU SOUND AS
THOUGH WE'D
NEVER MET BEFORE
...STRANGE TALK
FROM THE JOKER!

LIKE A POWERFUL STEEL SPRING,
THE BATMAN UNCOILS HIS BODY IN A
MIGHTY UPWARD THRUST...

WHY...
HEY!

AND I'M SURE
THE JOKER
WOULDN'T FALL
FOR AN OLD
TRICK LIKE
THIS!

STAMPED
AND
APPROVED!

BOUNCING LIKE A BALL OF FURY, THE MISQUERADER TOPPLES THE TYPE FONTS... AND A THOUSAND METAL BLUES FLY....



BREAKING A POINT OF VANTAGE, THE JOKER'S DOUBLE LEAPS FOR THE GIANT MAIN PRESS...



METAL LETTERS WHIZ AT THE JOKER'S DOUBLE IN A STEADY STREAM...



A SWITCH SNAPS... AND THE JOKER'S DOUBLE SETS THE GIANT PRESS THUNDERING AT SUPER-SPEED...



SUDDENLY, UNNOTICED BY HIS COUNTERFEIT, THE REAL MASTER OF MISCHIEF HIMSELF SLIPS INTO THE SCENE...



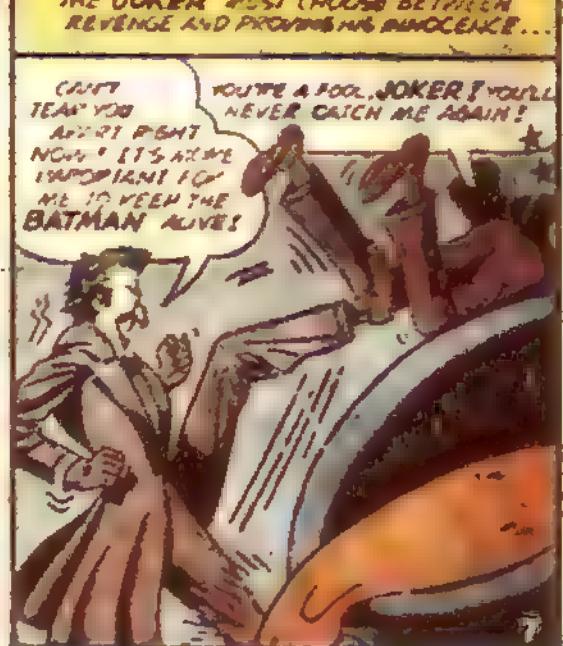
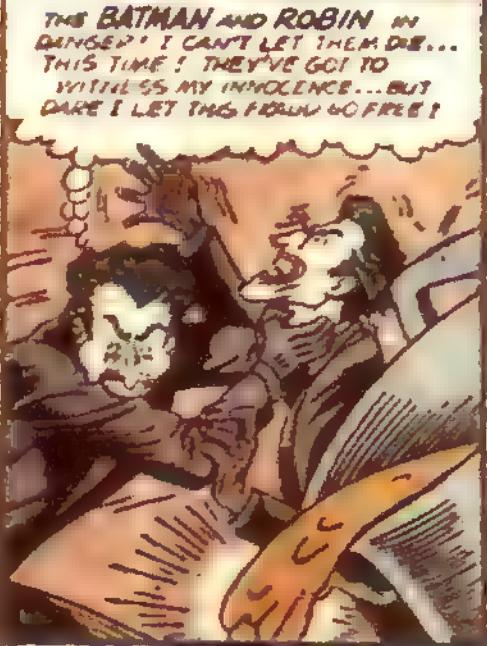
YOU CHEAP IMITATION! I'LL MAKE YOU WISH YOU NEVER HEARD OF THE JOKER BEFORE I'M DONE WITH YOU!

THE JOKER!

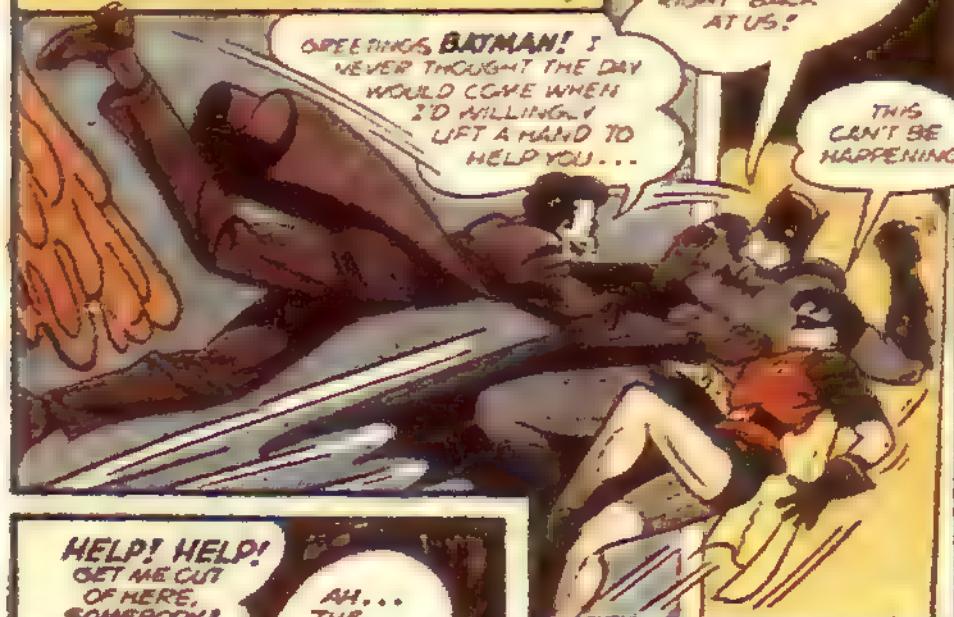
THE BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE IN DANGER! I CAN'T LET THEM DIE... THIS TIME! THEY'VE GOT TO WITNESS MY INNOCENCE... BUT DARE I LET THIS FOOL GO FREE?



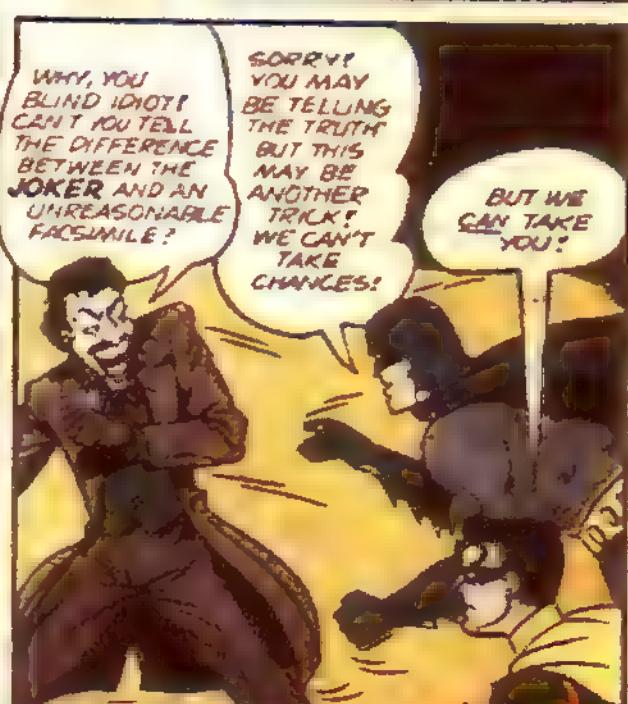
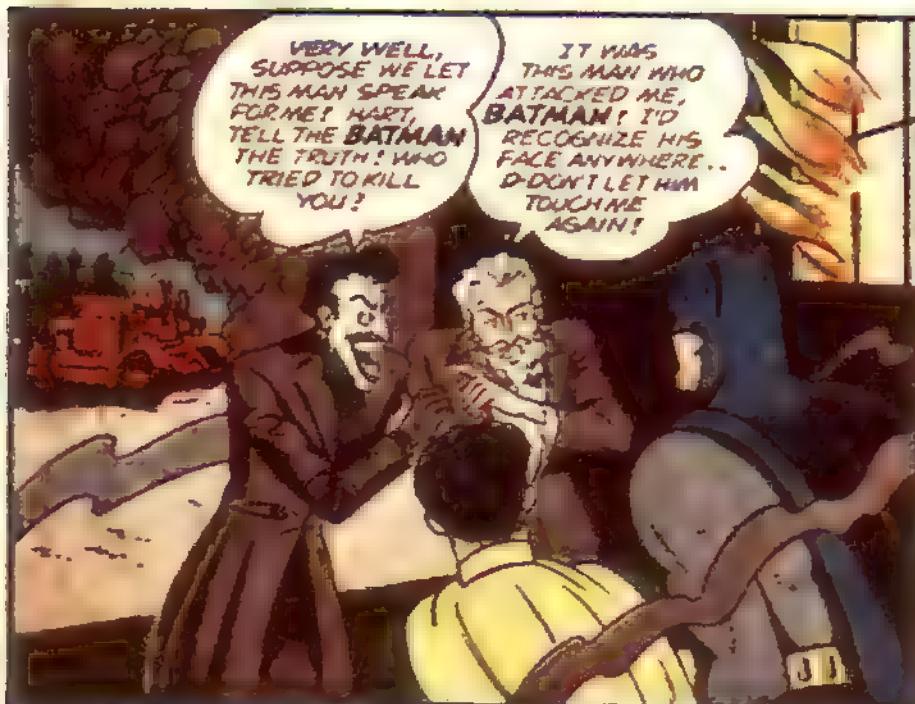
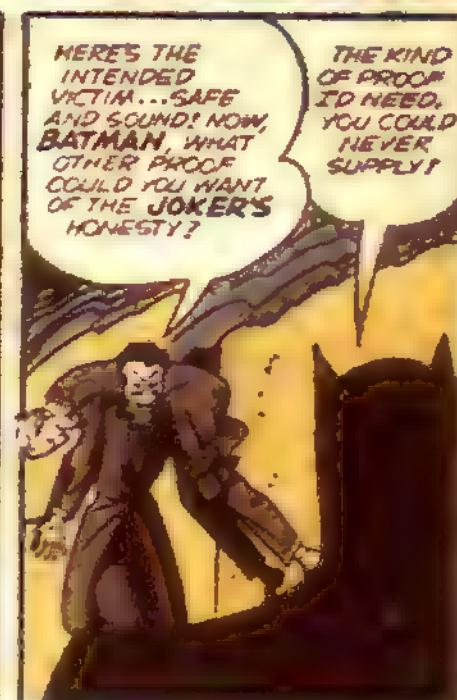
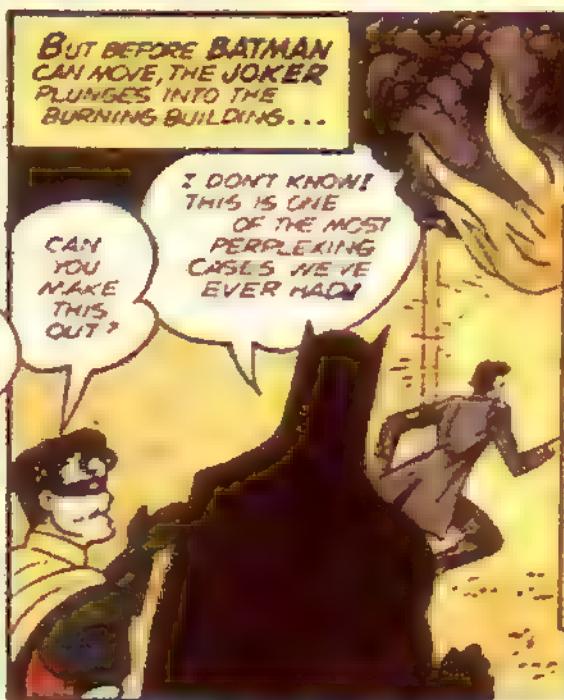
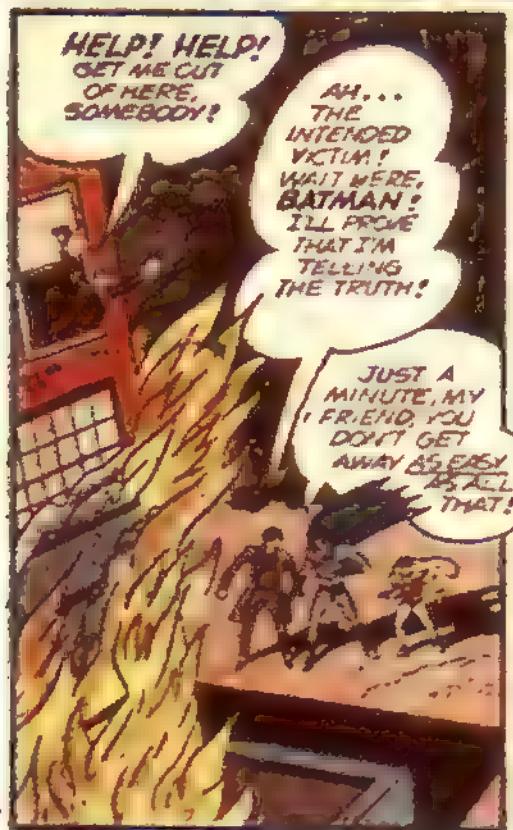
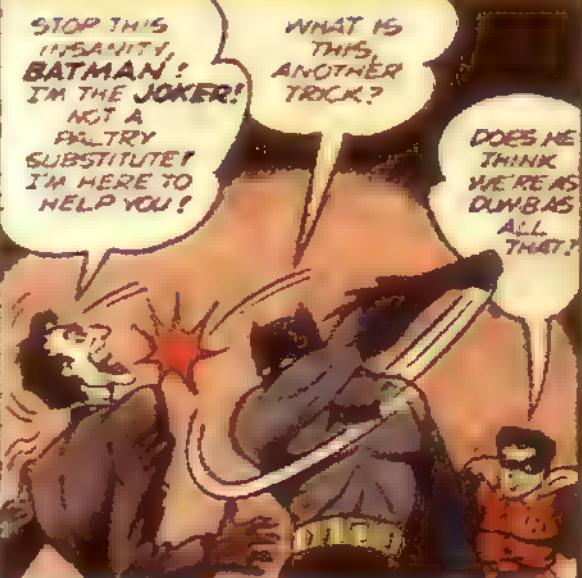
TRAPPED ON THE HORNS OF DILEMMA, THE JOKER MUST CHOOSE BETWEEN REVENGE AND PROVING HIS INNOCENCE...



A LIGHTNING LEAP... A SPIT-SECOND
PICK-UP... AND THE JOKER CARRIED BATMAN
AND ROBIN OUT OF DANGER...



UNAWARE THAT HE IS FACING THE REAL JOKER, BATMAN CONTINUES THE FIGHT WITH A JOLTING JAB THAT JARS THE JOKER BACK ON HIS FEET...



MOST IRONIC JEST OF ALL... THE JOKER CAN NOT GAIN BELIEF WHEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS CHECKERED CAREER, HE TELLS THE TRUTH...

VERY WELL, FOOLS! I THOUGHT I WOULD HELP YOU! NOW YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR STUPIDITY!

WHAT'S HE UP TO?

SUDDENLY COMES THE ONE SURE PROOF OF THE JOKER'S IDENTITY--THE JOKER'S GAS, WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN DUPLICATED...

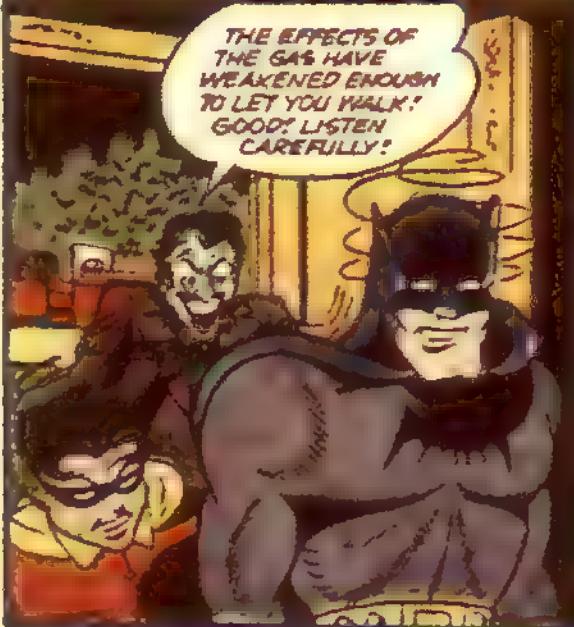


LIKE A FLAMING METEOR, THUNDERING DOWN THE ROAD, THE FIRE-TRUCK FLASHES TO THE JOKER'S RESCUE, THE PRINCE OF PARODY AT THE WHEEL...

BEFORE I ABANDON MY OLD HEADQUARTERS FOR THE NEW ONE I'VE BUILT, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TWO THROUGH TO MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND THE CALIBER OF THE ONE AND ONLY JOKER!

ARRIVING AT THE JOKER'S HEADQUARTERS...

THE EFFECTS OF THE GAS HAVE WEAKENED ENOUGH TO LET YOU WALK! GOOD! LISTEN CAREFULLY!



HERE ARE THE EYES AND EARS OF MY HOME! WITH THIS TELEVISION-TELESCOPE I CAN SEE ANYTHING IN ANY DIRECTION... THROUGH NIGHT, SMOKE, FOG OR RAIN... I HAVE WATCHED YOU FOR MANY HOURS THROUGH THAT INSTRUMENT, BATMAN... HOURS WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE ALONE!



AND THIS IS MY MAGIC EAR! IT CAN HEAR THE SLIGHTEST SOUND... I PICKED UP THE SOUND OF YOUR BATPLANE'S ENGINES TODAY AND WAS ABLE TO FOLLOW YOU TO WEST VIRGINIA!

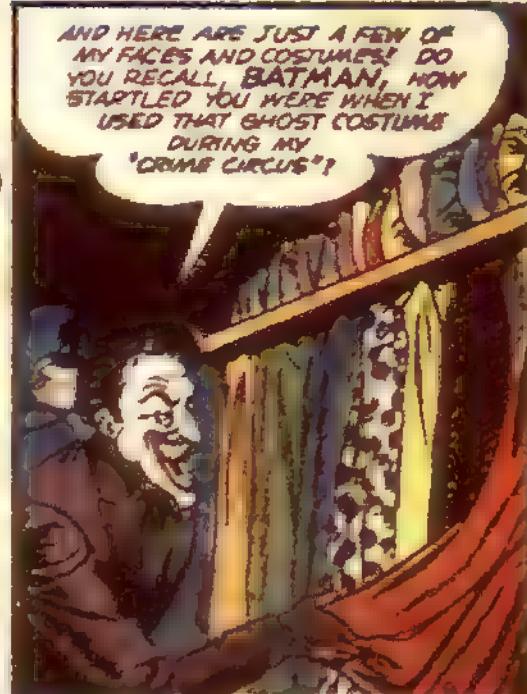


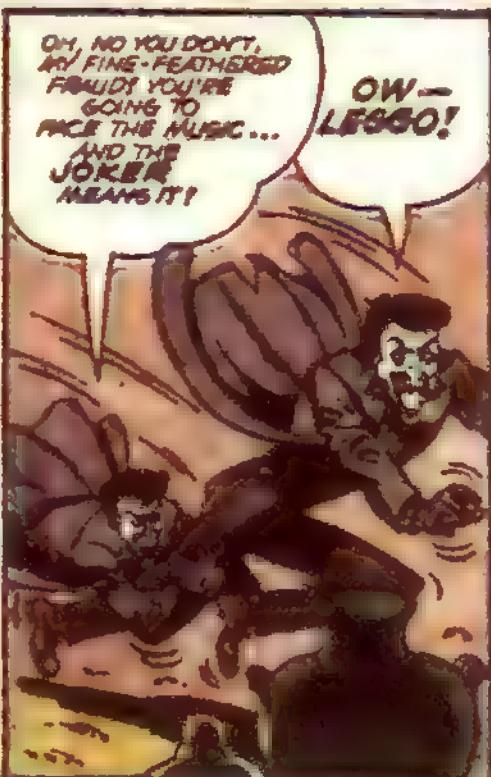
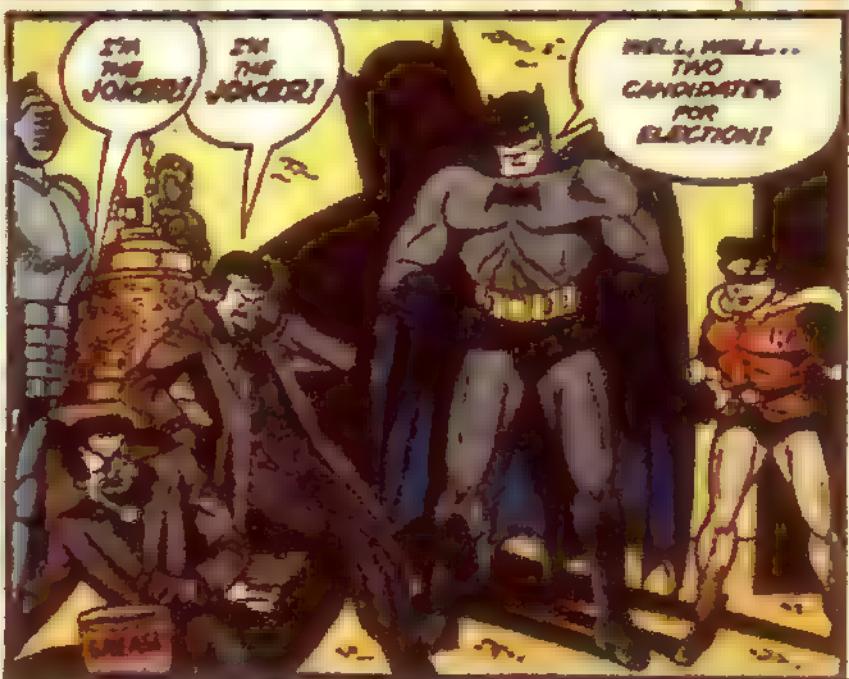
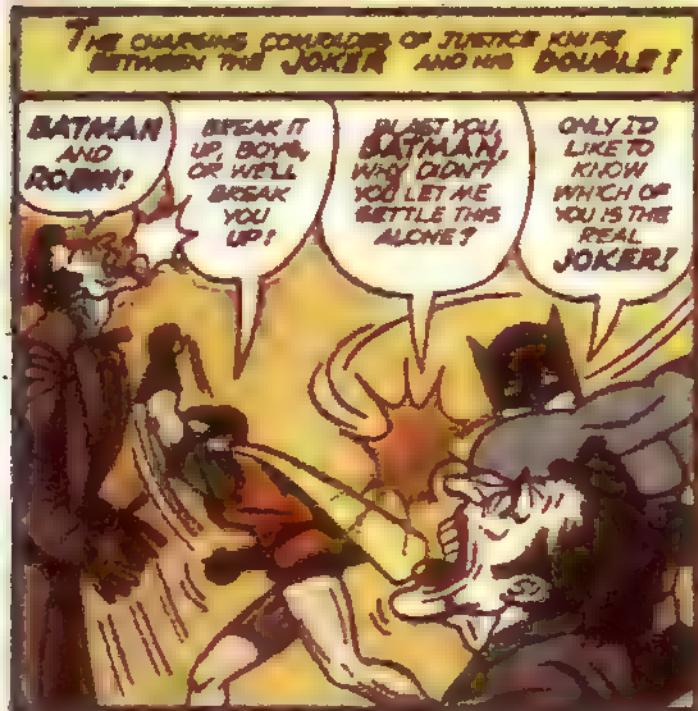
THROUGH GLOOMY TWISTED HALLS, THE JOKER PRODS HIS HALF-PARALYZED GUESTS...

THE ARMS OF MY HOME! PERHAPS YOU RECOGNIZE SOME OF THEM, BATMAN? I USED THAT REVOLVER ON YOU IN THE "CASE OF THE LUCKY LAW-BREAKERS"? AND I CLUBBED ROBIN WITH THAT TOMAH GUN DURING THE "CROSS-COUNTRY CRIMES"?



AND HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF MY FACES AND COSTUMES! DO YOU RECALL, BATMAN, HOW STARTLED YOU WERE WHEN I USED THAT GHOST COSTUME DURING MY "CRIME CIRCUS"?





AS THE COUNTERFEIT CLOWN SLUMPS DOWN, A VICTIM OF THE JOKER'S FURY, THE MASK DROPS AWAY...

HART! SO THE JOKER'S DOUBLE IS REALLY HART. HART PLAYED BRIDGE REGULARLY WITH THE OTHER VICTIMS! HE KNEW WHEN AND WHERE TO MURDER AND ROB THEM... HE SET FIRE TO HIS OWN PLANT AS A COVER UP!

I TOLD YOU I'D SOLVE THIS CRIME TO VINDICATE MY NAME! TO PROVE IT BEST... HERE ARE THE DIAMONDS HART TRIED TO STEAL! I DON'T WANT THEM!

THE JOKER GIVING UP A FORTUNE IN JEWELS? IMPOSSIBLE!

BUT THE JOKER'S TOSS FALLS SHORT, AND A FORTUNE IN JEWELS SLIDES THROUGH THE HEAVY BLACK GREASE...

OH-OH! DIDN'T REACH ME... HEY! WHAT'S THAT? DIAMONDS SLIDING THROUGH GREASE?

WITH A POWERFUL PANTHOOD-SPRING, THE BATMAN LEAPS TOWARD HIS SELF-APPOINTED ALLY...

AFTER HIM, ROBIN! I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING PHONEY WHEN THE JOKER STARTED PLAYING AN HONEST ROLE! HE'S GOT THE DIAMONDS!

BUT THE DIAMONDS ARE ON THE FLOOR. IN THE GREASE THERE!

LIKE A FEATHERED BOLT, THE JOKER SMASHES OUT INTO SPACE...

THOSE STONES ARE WORTHLESS GLASS—BECAUSE THEY SLID ON THE GREASE! DIAMOND IS THE ONLY KNOWN SUBSTANCE THAT WILL NOT SLIP ON GREASE! THE JOKER MUST HAVE SWITCHED STONES WHEN HE TOOK THEM FROM HART'S POCKET!

CLEVER FELLOW, ARENT YOU, BATMAN?

SO THE JOKER HAS TRUMPED ALL THE TRICKS AFTER ALL! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! I CAN'T KEEP AWAY FROM YOU!

DIG IN, ROBIN! WE'VE GOT TO RECOVER THOSE JEWELS!

WITH A SURGE OF HUMMING POWER, THE DRAW-BRIDGE SPLITS ASUNDER AND MOUNTS UPWARD...

AND HERE, FRIENDS, WE MUST COME TO THE PARTING OF THE WAYS! THE BRIDGE MURDERS END WITH A BRIDGE! HOW QUAIINT... HA-HA-HA!

THE ONLY THING THAT'S PARTING IS YOUR SKIN!

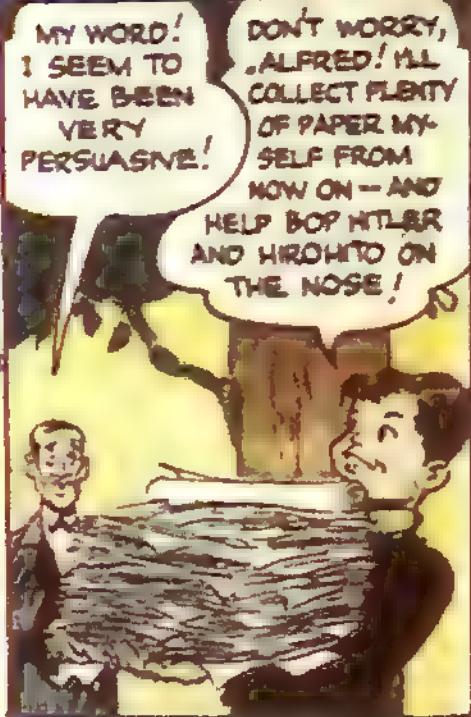
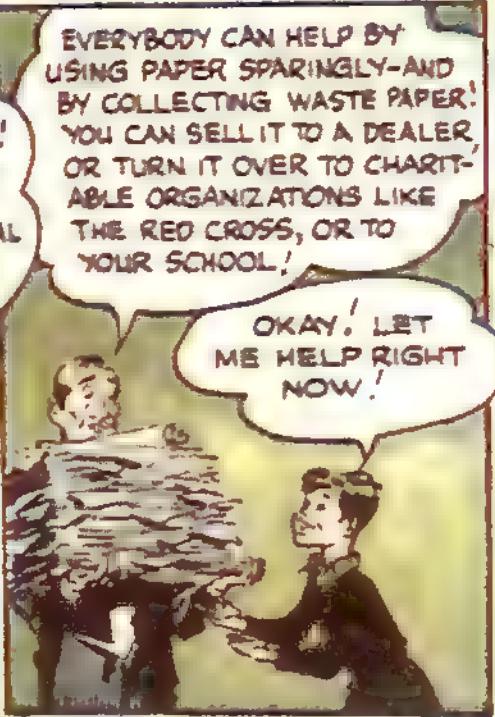
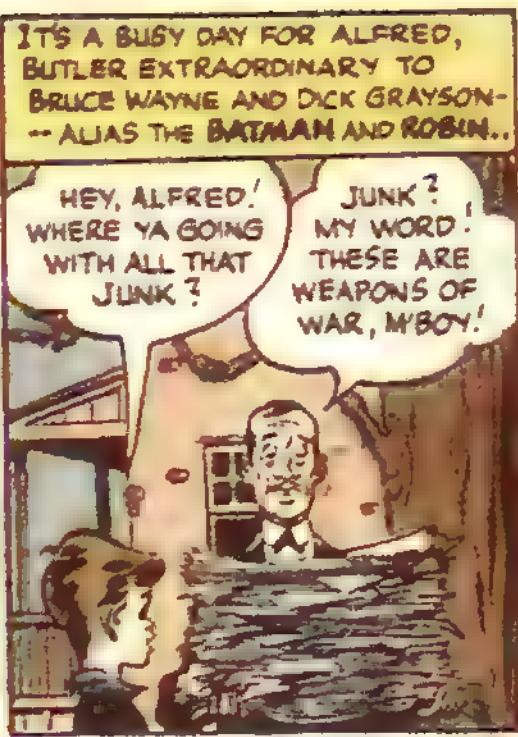
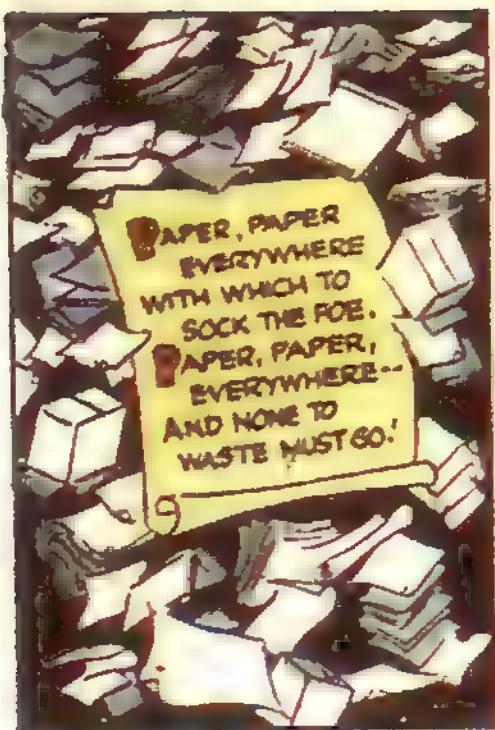
FAREWELL THIS TIME THE VICTORY IS MINE! I SHALL TREASURE THESE JEWELS IN MY TROPHY ROOM!

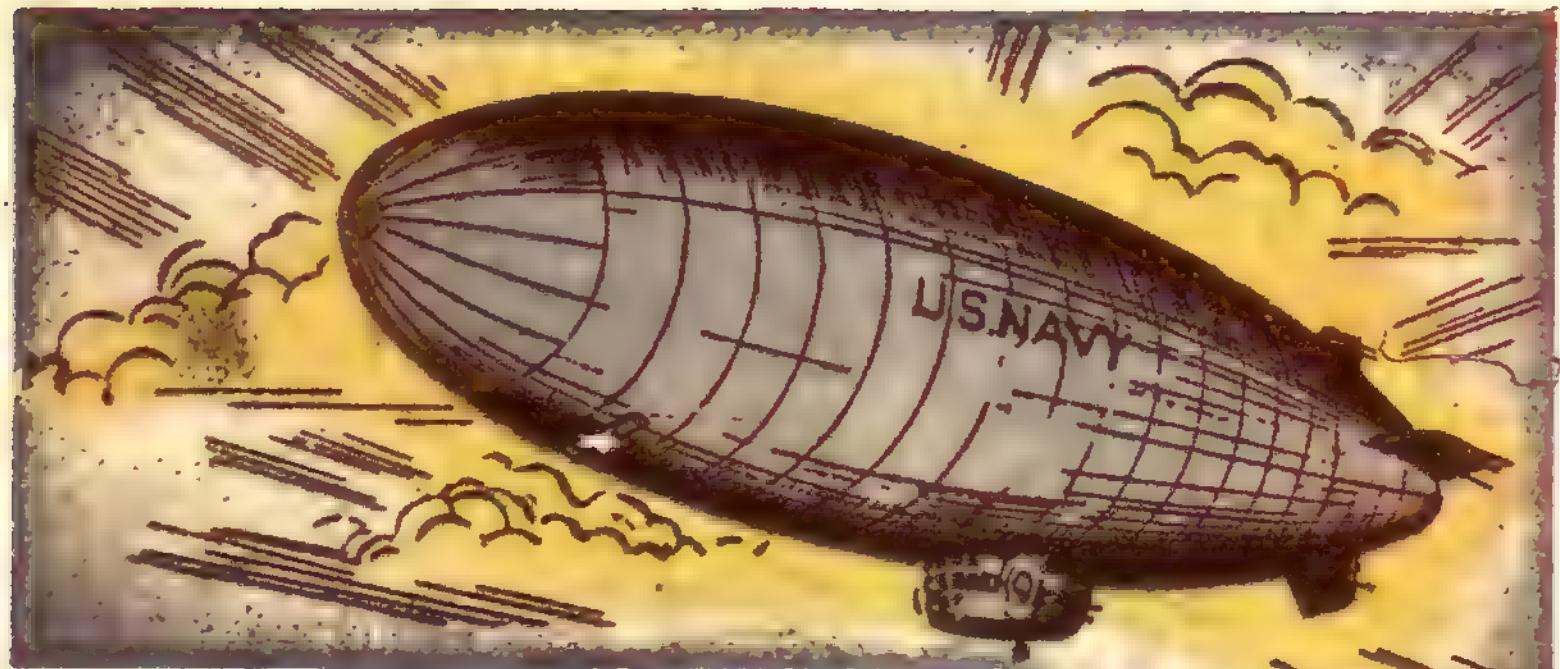
WHAT JEWELS?

BUT LIKE A SHREWD, SEASONED ADVENTURER, ROBIN HAS TAKEN THE LAST TRICK AFTER ALL... AND THAT IS THE TRICK THAT COUNTS...

GOOD FOR YOU, ROBIN! YOU GOT THE JEWELS! HARRIS WILL BE EXTREMELY GRATEFUL FOR THIS!

ALL THE JOKER'S GOT FOR HIS TROPHY ROOM IS A HOLE IN HIS POCKETS! AND YOU KNOW WHAT A HOLE IS... NOTHING!





ENERGY ON THE ALERT!

Ever on the alert are the American Coastal Patrol Blimps . . . their motors driven by high energy fuel.

BABY RUTH IS HIGH IN FOOD-ENERGY

Baby Ruth, rich in dextrose, is fine "fighting food" . . . helps guard against fatigue in the human motor.

Wherever our battle flag flies, Baby Ruth marches along with American men, providing extra stamina . . . raising their spirits.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILL.
Producers of Fine Foods



Cookies are
delicious
made with
Baby Ruth.
RECIPE ON
EVERY
WRAPPER



If you cannot
find Baby Ruth
on the candy coun-
ter, remember Uncle
Sam's needs come first with
us as with you.



BUY THE WAR BOND

THREE-RING BINKO

FOR FORTY YEARS (MAN AND BOY)
A CIRCUS MANAGER--NOW A TOP-FLIGHT
TALENT SCOUT AND BOOKING AGENT.

WELL, NOW YOU'VE SEEN MY
ENTIRE EPPY-TWARRY, BIG-TOP--
AND THIS KILLER-DILLER IS
MY SMASH CLOSING STUNT--
HEH-HEH-HEH, IF I DO SAY IT
M'SELF, IT SLAYS 'EM!!-- NOW
DO I GET THE CONTRACT, PAL?

HARUMPH! AND YOU CALL
YOURSELF THE SENSATIONAL
"VULCANIZO"--THE WORLD'S
WONDER WIZARD ON WHEELS.
EH? WELL, SONNY BOY, YOU'RE
JUST A SLEEPING POWDER TO
ME, -- COME SIT IN MY LAP
AND I'LL TELL YOU A BEDTIME
STORY OF A REAL TRICK RIDER,
SO THRILLING, IT WILL MAKE YOUR
VERY TEETH CURL WITH ENVY--
LISTEN--



"ABOUT THUTTY YEARS AGO I WAS MANAGER
OF A VERY WHEEZY LITTLE ROAD-HOPPIN'
CARNIVAL--AND ONE DAY A YOUNG CORNHUSKER
BARGED IN AND 'LOWED AS HOW HE COULD
MANIPULATE A FEW FANCIES ON HIS VELOCIPede."



WELL, GO AHEAD, BUB,
SAMPLE ME YO' STUFF
RIGHT HERE 'N' NOW!

--THEN WE LET ME IN ON A SECRET--

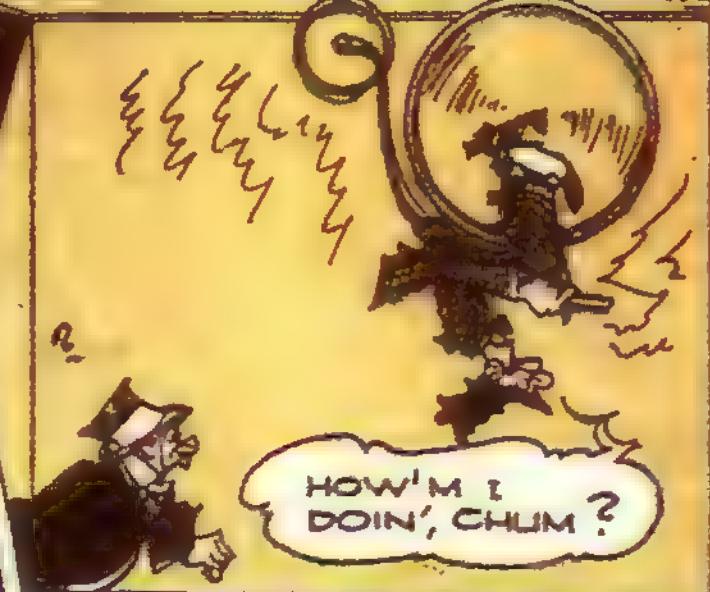
NOW THAT I'M AWORKIN'
FOR YOU, BOSS, I GUESS
I YORTA TELL YOU RIGHT
OFF THAT I ONLY USE MY
OWN PERSONAL PREPARED
KIND O' TIRES!

H'M- THAT'S
KINDA
SNEAKY,
AIN'T IT?
BUT GO
AHEAD !

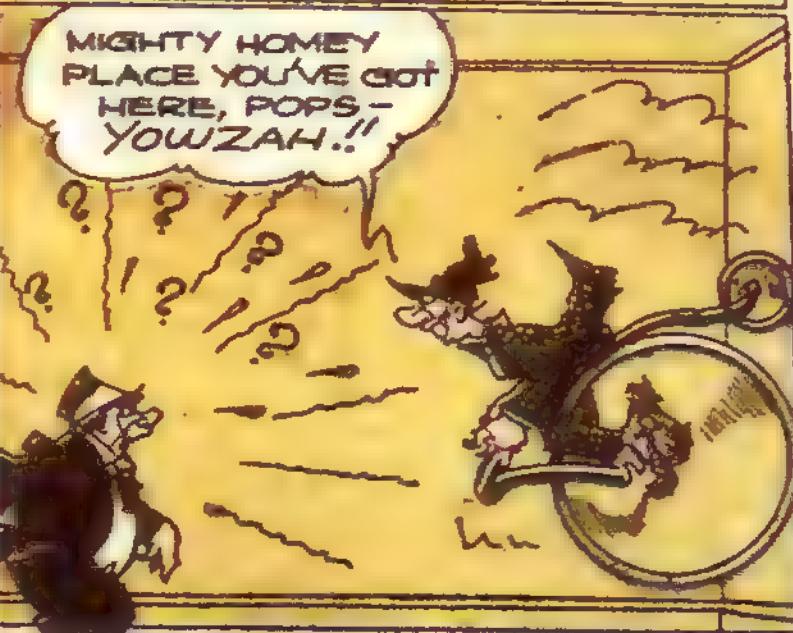


-- WITH THAT HE HOPS ABOARD HIS OLD-FASHIONED VELOCIPEDE AND RIDES - RIGHT UP MY OFFICE WALL! --

-- AND CONTINUES, ALONG THE CEILING UPSIDE DOWN! ...



--- THEN SLOWLY DOWN THE OTHER SIDE!



-- THEN HE SHOWS ME HOW HE'D INVENTED HIS OWN SPECIAL TIRES. THEY WERE MADE WITH HUNDREDS OF VACUUM CUPS AROUND THE RIMS, - THEY'D STICK TO ANYTHING!



WHAM! - I NICKNAMED HIM 'BICYCLONIC' RIGHT ON THE SPOT - AND SIGNED HIM UP QUICKER'N YOU COULD NAME ANY TOWN IN RUSSIA!

MONEY MEANS NOTHING TO US, SON - SIGN THERE, - NAME YOUR TERMS - SIGN THERE - TEN A WEEK, OR, FORTY A MONTH - SIGN THERE!



-- AND INSIDE OF A WEEK OUR BOX-OFFICE 'TAKE' RAN UP SUCH A HIGH TEMPERATURE OF 'HIT' MONEY THAT WE HAD TO HIRE EIGHT EXTRA CASHIERS!

THIS FELLER 'BICYCLONIC' IS STUPENDOUS!

HE'S DOUBLE, COLOSSAL!

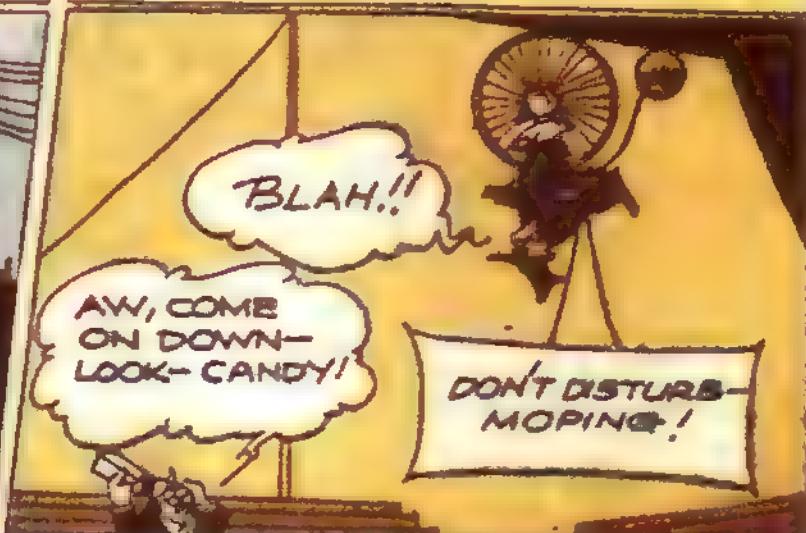
I'LL TAKE HIM IF HE'S ONLY SUPER-MIRACULOUS!



-- SOON THE ONLY FLY IN OUR OINTMENT WAS THAT WE COULDN'T KEEP HIM FROM PRACTISING - HE'D PRACTISE ANYWHERE! - HE WAS GIVING TOO MANY FREE SHOWS - I FINALLY HAD TO BAWL HIM OUT ABOUT IT!--



-- BEING A TEMPERAMENTAL TYPE, THAT BAWLING OUT 'GOT HIM DOWN' - FOR WEEKS AFTERWARDS HE'D JUST RIDE TO A CORNER IN THE TOP OF THE TENT (BETWEEN SHOWS) AND MOPE, FOR HOURS AND HOURS!



-- HE STAYED IN THAT MOPEY MOOD UNTIL THE FOLLOWING SPRING - THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN HE BLOSSOMED OUT LIKE A FULL BLOWN BLUSHING CHRYSANTHEMUM - CHRISANTER - LILAC!!



-- I PUZZLED MYSELF INTO A PLENTY OF PANICS OVER THIS STARTLING CHANGE - UNTIL ONE DAY - BETWEEN SHOWS - OUR BOSS STAGE-CARPENTER BUZZED TO ME --



-- PETITE MILLE LA BELLE BONITA (BY ROYAL COMMAND AERIAL PRINCESS OF THE TENT-TOP TRAPEZE) WAS THE ANSWER!



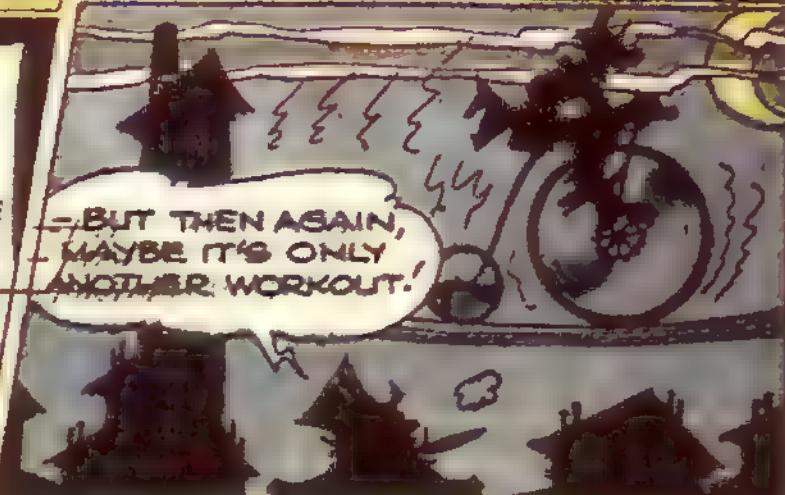
-- I ALSO KNEW HOWEVER THAT CYCLOPS HAD NEVER EVEN MET LA BELLE! (BUT I SAID IT WAS SPRING, DIDN'T I?) WELL, FOR MONTHS WHILE HE'D BE BROODING UP IN HIS CORNER OF THE TENT HE NEVER ONCE TOOK HIS EYES OFFIN HER!!



-- TO COMPLICATE MATTERS, PINOCHINO, THE HUMAN PIN-CUSHION, SHARED THE VERY SAME SENTIMENTAL FEELINGS TOWARD LA BELLE, ONLY DOUBLY MORE SO! -- (HE, BY THE WAY, HAD NEVER EVEN MET HER EITHER!) NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!



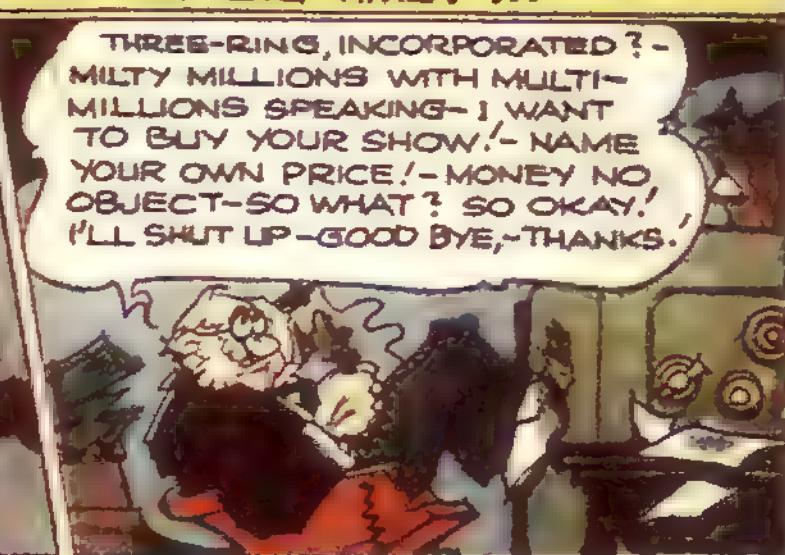
-- FINALLY, BICYCLONIC STARTED TAKING MIDNIGHT SPINS ALONG THE TELEGRAPH WIRES - AFTER OUR NIGHT PERFORMANCE - (THAT'S A FUNNY TWIST I SAID TO MYSELF!)



-- THEN-- AND WITH A GHASTLY TWINKLE IN HIS BETTER EYE - HE SUNK TO TAKING UKULELE LESSONS! MADLY PRACTISING FOR HOURS ON END !!



-- ALL THROUGH THIS OUR SHOW ROSE TO GREATER AND GREATER FAME HOWEVER - WE HAD AT LAST HIT THE VERY BIGGEST OF THE 'BIG TIME' ! ...



-- THEN IT HAPPENED! -- I'VE FORGOTTEN NOW WHETHER WE WERE PLAYING SPOKANE, WASH., - DALLAS, TEXAS, - OR MAYBE IT WAS WICHITA, KAN. - TENNYRATE, - ONE STARRY NIGHT AFTER THE SHOW, 'BICYCLONIC' SNEAKED OUT THE BACK WAY, - I FOLLOWED HIM!!



-- HE HEADED STRAIGHT AS THE CROW FLIES, FOR TOWN, - WITH ME FAST BEING WINED - CLOSE BEHIND!



-- STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW HE PEDALLED TO-- AND UP THE SIDE OF THE TALLEST HOTEL IN TOWN!



-- THEN HE STOPPED SHORT-- PRECISELY BETWEEN THE 11TH AND 12TH FLOORS, AND CASUALLY BROKE INTO A LILTING UKULELE LILT THERE IN THE MOONLIGHT-- IT WAS ALMOST HALF PURTY TOO, KINDA SCRAPPY THOUGH!-



-- AND ALTHOUGH HE HADN'T EVEN MET LA BELLE BONITA YET, - HE KNEW SHE LIVED ON THE 12TH-- AND HE WAS THERE 'ALL-OUT A SERENADIN' HER.'



-- BUT WHAT HE DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT HIS JEALOUS RIVAL, PINOCCHINO, (HE HADN'T EVEN MET LA BELLE YET, EITHER) LIVED ON THE 11TH-- SWIFTLY WITHDRAWING ONE OF HIS FAVORITE PINS, PINOCCHINO INSTANTLY PUNCTURED BOTH TIRES-- BICYCLE PLUNGED.



FORTUNATELY HE ALWAYS CARRIED A PARACHUTE-- AGAINST JUST SUCH AN EVENT-- AND THAT ER? -AH? -ER? OH YEAH! -THAT BEING THE YEAR OF BIG WIND IN IDAHO, -OR IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN VERMONT OR TENNESSEE (YOU LOOK IT UP..) THAT BIG WIND COMPLETES THE PICTURE --



-- IT PICKED HIM RIGHT UP BY THE PARACHUTE -- SWEEPED HIM OFF-- AND NOBODY'S EVER SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR O' HIM SINCE, -- HEY! WHERE Y'HEADIN'?





"Butch ain't got de nerve to hit this new kid—not since he seen him carry home eight packages o' Wheaties."

NOT VERY SMART TO PICK A FIGHT WITH A GUY WHO KEEPS IN THE PINK OF CONDITION! AND KEEPING IN CONDITION INVOLVES EATING RIGHT. THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY -- INCLUDING A NOURISHING BREAKFAST. MANY AN UP-AND-COMING YOUNGSTER INCLUDES WHEATIES IN THE BREAKFAST LINEUP. MIGHTY IMPORTANT NOURISHMENT IN A MAN-SIZE BOWL OF THESE SWELL-TASTING WHOLE WHEAT

FLAKES! SO SQUARE OFF TO THE BREAKFAST DISH THAT'S A FAVORITE WITH MANY BIG-TIME SPORTS STARS. HAVE MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES--"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT -- STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS.

SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 544, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!

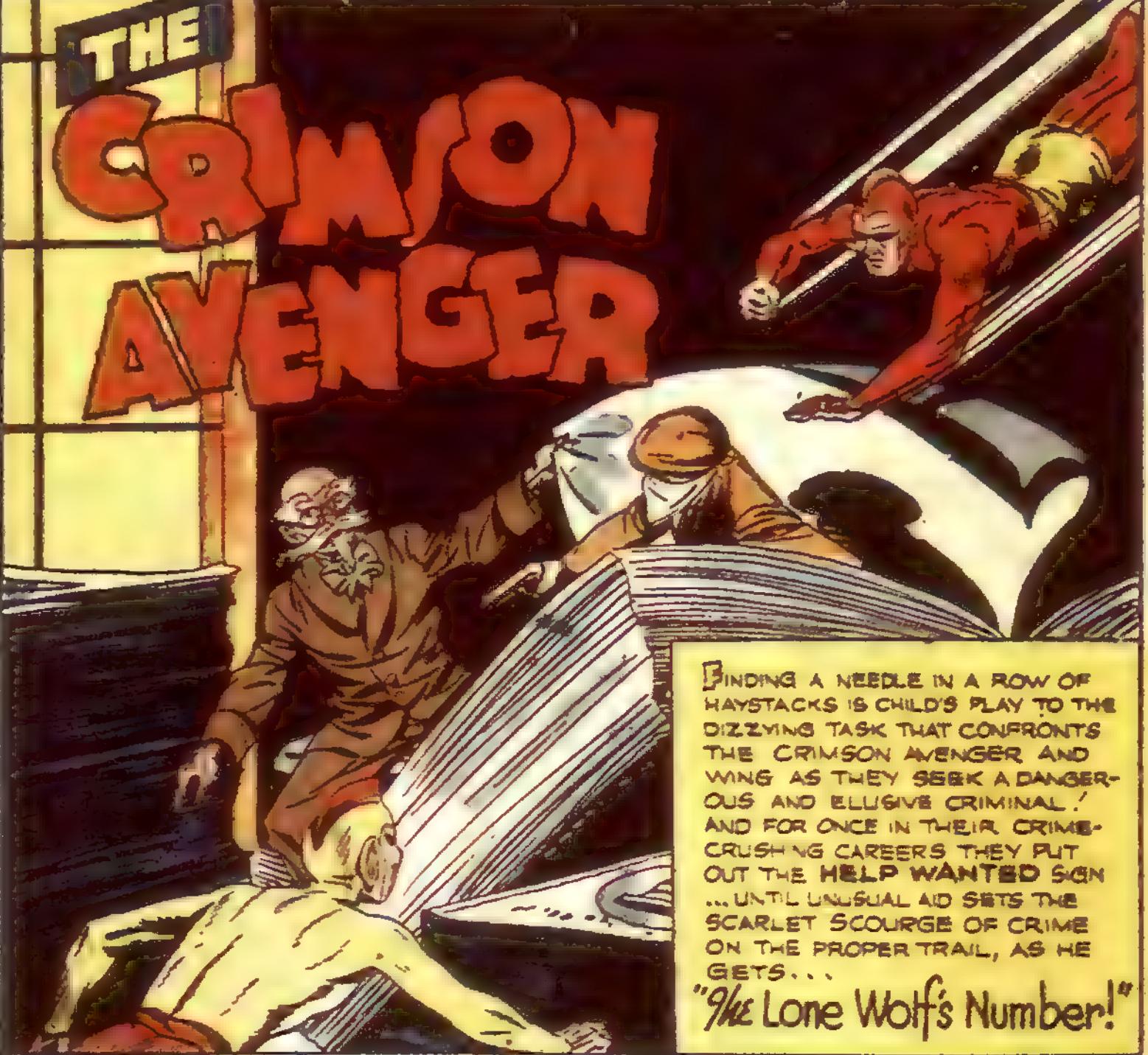


Breakfast of "Champions"

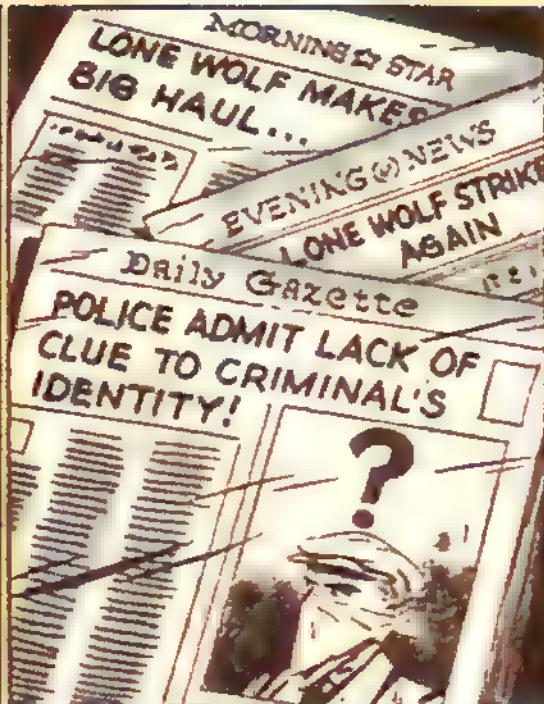
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

THE CRIMSON AVENGER



DAY AFTER DAY, DAILY NEWS-PAPER HEAD-LINES BLAZON THE DARING DEEDS OF A NEW SUPER-CRIMINAL...



AND THEN ONE NIGHT, THOSE TWIN TRACKERS OF CRIME, THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING, STUMBLE ON A LONG-SOUGHT TRAIL...

LOOK, WING! A MASKED MAN ON THAT ROOFTOP! HE ANSWERS TO THE DESCRIPTION OF THE LONE WOLF!

THIS OUR NIGHT TO HOWL! WE BEAR DOWN ON WOLF!

STEALING SOFTLY ON SILENT FOOT- STEPS, THE CRIMSON CRIME-CRUSHER AND HIS FAITHFUL ALLY STALK THEIR UNSUSPECTING GAME! THEN...



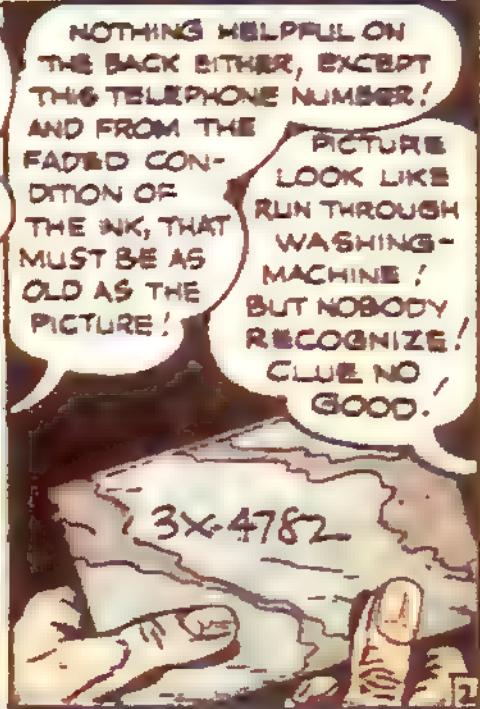
THEN, AN UNEXPECTED SHIFT OF THE WIND... AND DENSE BLACK SMOKE FROM A NEARBY FACTORY SPREADS A BLACK PALL OVER THE ROOFTOP...



MOMENTS LATER, AFTER THE TEMPORARY FOG HAS LIFTED...



BUT NOW, AS DEFEAT STARES HIM IN THE FACE, THE HAWK-EEN EYES OF THE CRIMSON AVENGER LIGHTS UPON A CLUE...



MAYBE, WING... BUT IT'S THE ONLY ONE WE HAVE, AND I'M GOING TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT! FIRST WE'LL TRY THE TELEPHONE COMPANY!

MOMENTS LATER...

HMM.. AS YOU SAY, AVENGER, THIS IS AN OLD NUMBER! THE EXCHANGE WAS DISCONTINUED YEARS AGO! AND OUR OLD LISTS, ARRANGED BY EXCHANGES, WERE ACCIDENTALLY DESTROYED A LONG TIME BACK!

THEN NO CAN TRACE NUMBER?

I WOULDN'T SAY THAT! IT MUST HAVE BEEN LISTED IN ONE OF THESE DIRECTORIES... THEY COVER A PERIOD OF TWENTY YEARS, AND IF YOU LOOK LONG ENOUGH, YOU'LL FIND IT!

OH, WOE! IF WING GOTTA LOOK THROUGH MANY BOOKS FOR ONE NUMBER... GO CRAZY, BUT QUICK!

NEVER MIND, WING. WE'RE TAKING THOSE DIRECTORIES! COME ON!

3x4



WE'RE NOT GOING TO LOOK THROUGH THESE AT ALL! SOMEONE ELSE WILL DO THE JOB... AND I KNOW EXACTLY THE RIGHT MAN FOR IT!



PRESENTLY, A BEWILDERED LITTLE MAN LOOKS UP TO FIND UNEXPECTED VISITORS...

HUH..? WHA..?

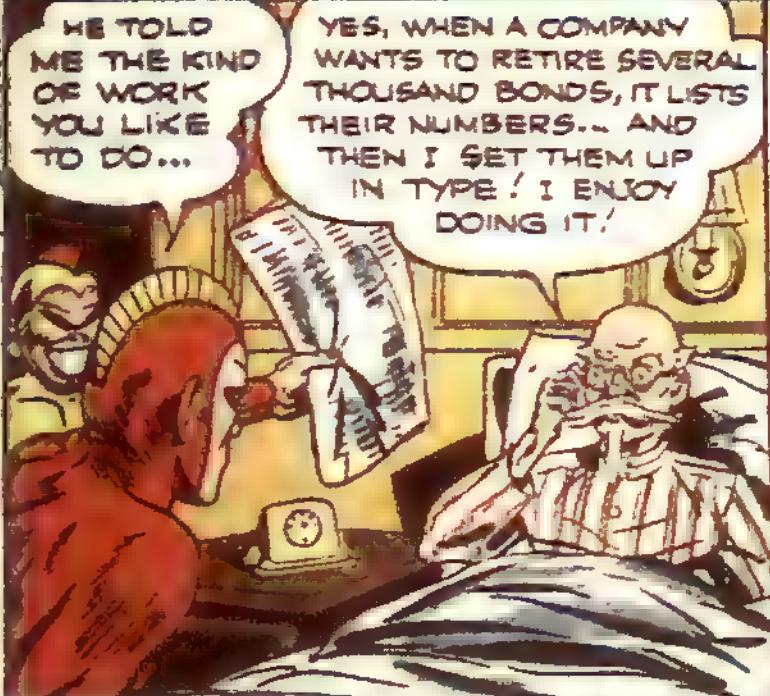
DON'T BE AFRAID, MR. MOYLAN... I'M THE CRIMSON AVENGER, AND I WANT YOUR HELP! MR. TRAVIS, EDITOR OF THE GLOBE-LEADER RECOMMENDED YOU TO ME!

MR. MOYLAN NOT KNOW LEE TRAVIS AND MIST' CLIMSON SAME PERSON!



HE TOLD ME THE KIND OF WORK YOU LIKE TO DO...

YES, WHEN A COMPANY WANTS TO RETIRE SEVERAL THOUSAND BONDS, IT LISTS THEIR NUMBERS.. AND THEN I SET THEM UP IN TYPE! I ENJOY DOING IT!



THE WORK REQUIRES PATIENCE AND KEEN ATTENTION... I HAVE BOTH!

JUST TO LOOK AT SO MANY NUMBERS MAKE WING'S HEAD SPIN!



I FEEL THE SAME WAY WING DOES! THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU TO DO A JOB FOR US! WE'RE LOOKING FOR A CERTAIN TELEPHONE NUMBER IN ONE OF THESE BOOKS...

AND YOU WANT ME TO FIND IT?

I'LL DO IT WITH PLEASURE! THERE'S A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF INTELLECTUAL EXCITEMENT IN WORK LIKE THIS... BUT I GUESS NOT MANY PEOPLE ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO EXPERIENCE IT!

AND SO THE LONG WEAR-SOME TASK BEGINS...

NO LUCK IN THE 1899 VOLUME... MAYBE THE NUMBER WILL BE HERE! WHAT A THRILL TO KNOW THAT AT ANY MOMENT I MAY RUN ACROSS IT!

AFTER HOURS OF WHAT THE AVERAGE PERSON WOULD DEEM THE DULLEST KIND OF WORK IN THE WORLD...

AM, HERE IT IS AT LAST! WHAT A WONDERFUL FEELING OF ACHIEVEMENT! I MUST CALL MR. TRAMS, AND HAVE HIM TELL THE AVENGER!

PRESENTLY...

MR. MOYLAN, YOU'RE A WONDER! NOW WE'LL RUN OVER TO DEAN STREET...

HMM, I'M CURIOUS TO SEE WHAT USE YOU MAKE OF THIS INFORMATION! MIND IF I COME WITH YOU?

YOU HELP US TRAIL LONE WOLF, VERY GOOD!

AT DEAN STREET, AFTER LONG HOURS OF VAIN QUESTIONING OF NUMEROUS PERSONS...

LUCKY YOU CAME TO ME, YOUNG FELLER! GUESS I'M THE ONLY ONE LIVIN' HERE WHO RECOLLECTS ADOLPH GUBBINS! QUITE A SCAMP, HIS YOUNG 'UN, FRED WAS!

BORN TO BE HANGED, EVERYBODY SAID!

FRED GUBBINS! THAT MUST BE THE LONE WOLF'S NAME!

AFTER AN EAR-FILLING SESSION...

COME BACK SOME TIME AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHIN' ELSE THE YOUNG SCAMP DID!

THANKS, GRAND-POP... LATER! RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT TO TRACE THE LONE WOLF'S CAREER!

SHOULD BE EASY NOW! WE LEARN WHEN HE GRADUATE HIGH SCHOOL, GET FIRST JOB...

HE MUST HAVE NEEDED A REFERENCE WHEN HE CHANGED JOBS... YES WE SHOULDN'T HAVE MUCH DIFFICULTY.

SO IT IS THAT EVENTUALLY...

THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE FRED GUBBINS WORKS NOW! WE'LL PICK HIM UP...

WE MAKE HIM CONFESS HE LONE WOLF!

BUT UNEXPECTEDLY...

YOU TELL US WHERE WE FIND MIST' GUBBINS, PLEASE-

CAREFUL, WING! THAT MAN BE GUBBINS HIMSELF!

THE CRIMSON AVENGER! HE FOUND OUT WHO I AM!

STAY AWAY, CHUM! I DON'T LIKE COMPANY!

WING OILY BIRD...

LOOK LIKE LONE WOLF GET AWAY AGAIN!

NOT YET, WING! THERE'S USUALLY ANOTHER WAY UP... AND IT WON'T BE EASY FOR HIM TO GET OUT OF THE BUILDING!

THIS INCLINE WILL TAKE US UP JUST AS WELL AS THE ELEVATOR!

But suddenly...

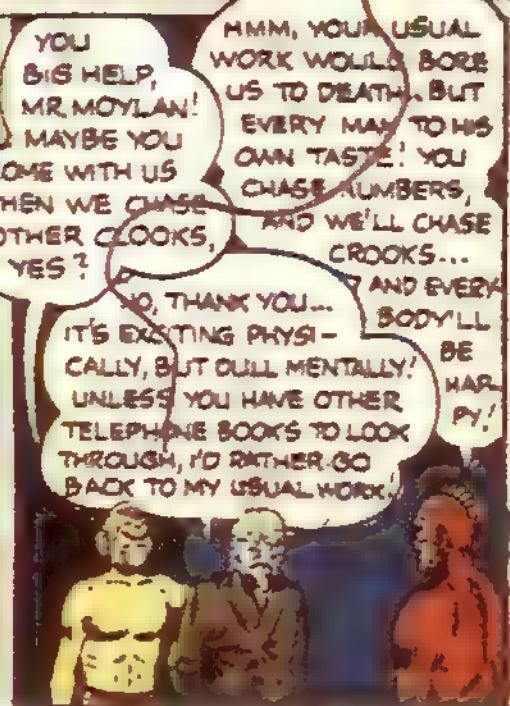
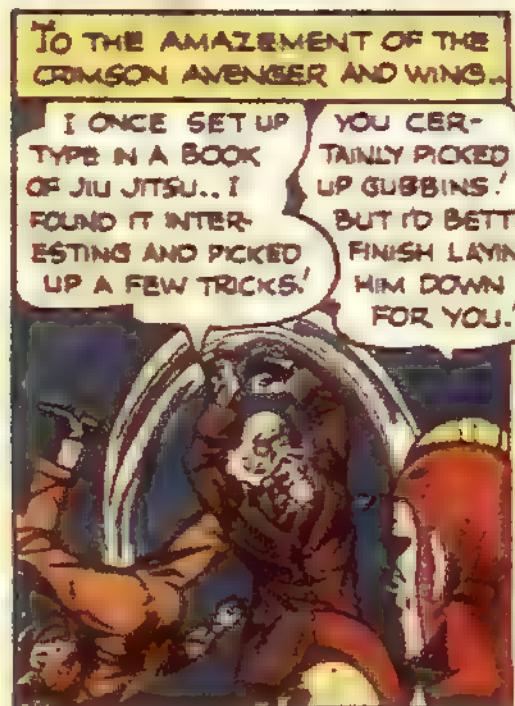
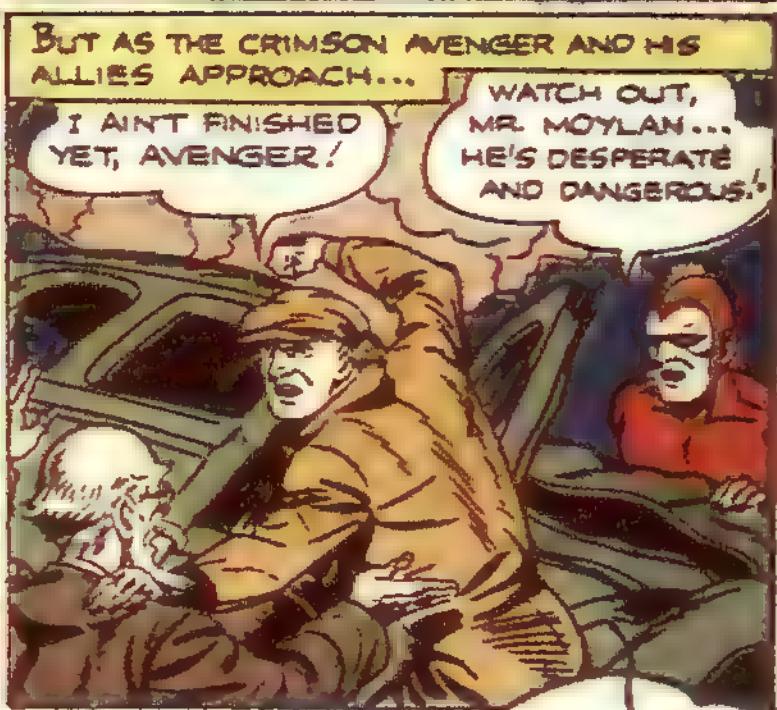
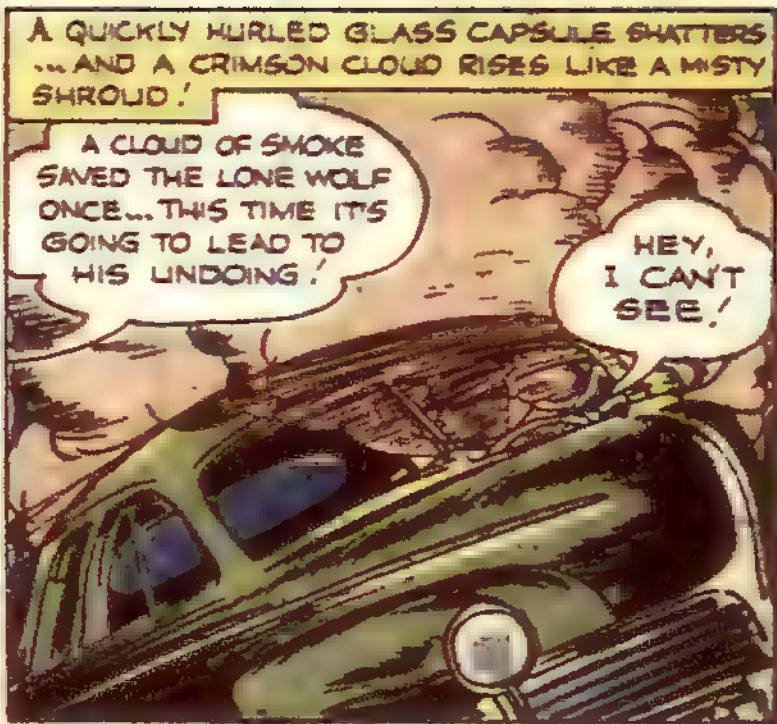
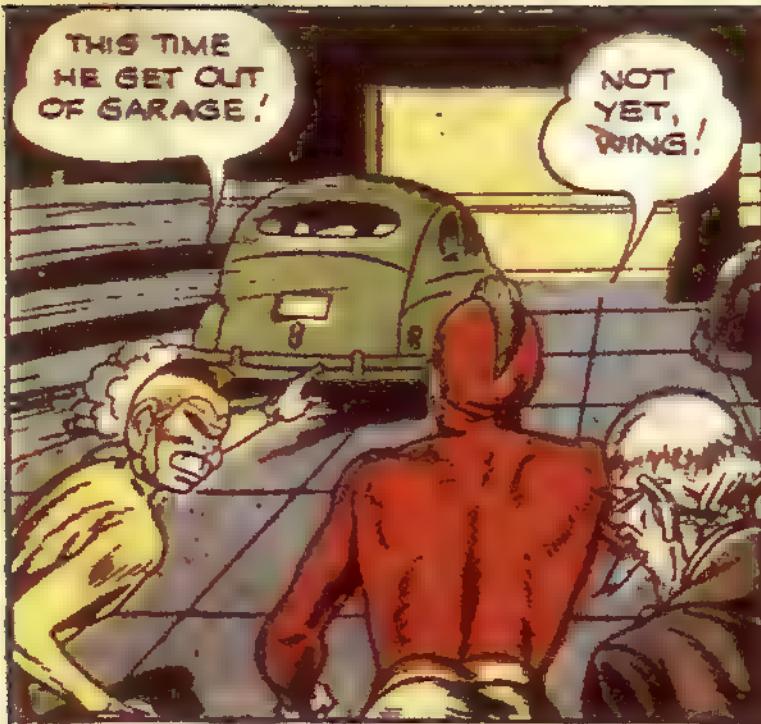
WHAM!

LOOK OUT, MIST' CRIMSON... HE TRY KILL US!

HEY!!

I'VE GOT TO DO THIS, MR. MOYLAN, FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY...

TO BAD YOU FORGOT, AVENGER... WHAT GOES UP HAS GOTTA COME DOWN!



SLAM BRADLEY

JEWELS VANISH INTO THIN AIR WITH NOT A SINGLE CLUE.. UNTIL SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN CRASH HIGH SOCIETY, FORGETTING ETIQUETTE AND SOWING CONFUSION AMONG THIEVES AS THEY RECOVER A FORTUNE IN GEMS IN THE STRANGE CASE OF...

•The PERFORATED DIAMONDS!



NIGHT.. AND SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN PREPARE DUDS FOR A SOCIETY DEBUT....

YOU NEED SOME HEIGHT, SHORTY... BUT LET'S SEE IF CLOTHES REALLY MAKE THE MAN!

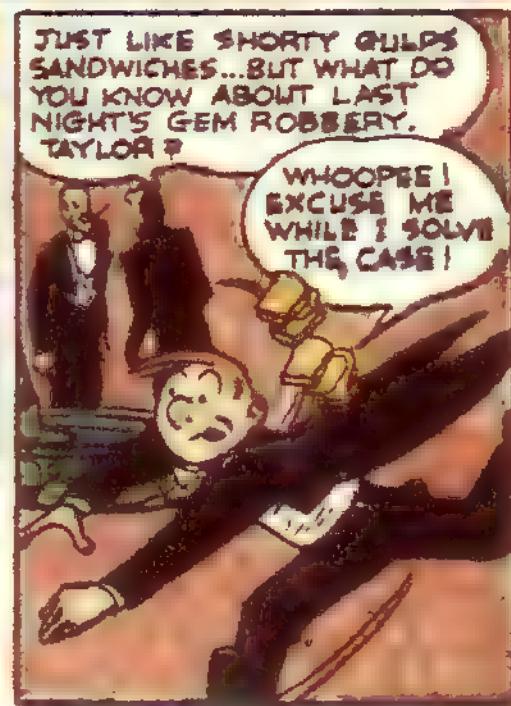
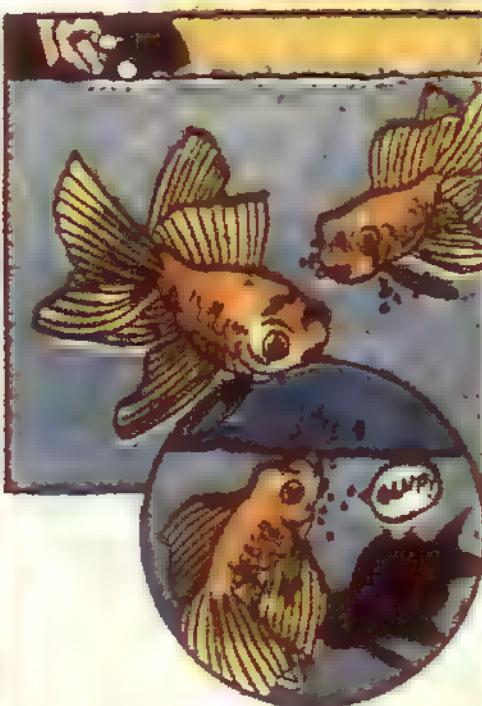
ANYWAY MY BRAINS ARE FULLGROWN! AS THOSE HOODLUMS WHO HAVE BEEN PULLING THE JEWEL THEFTS AT THE VAN TROTEN MANSION WILL SOON DISCOVER!

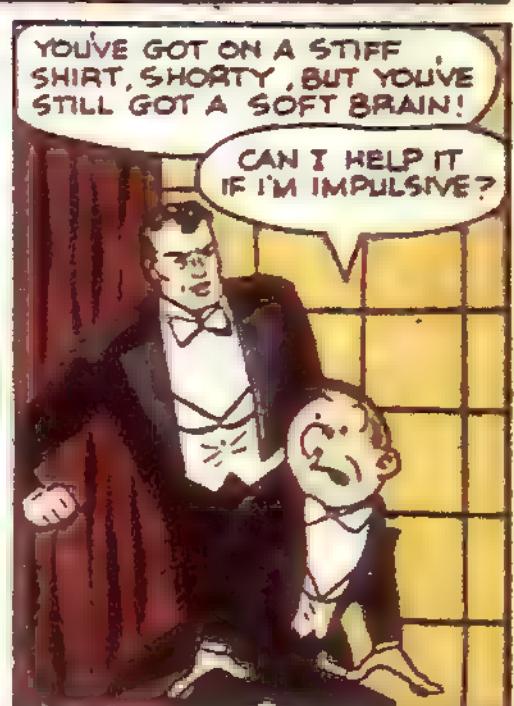
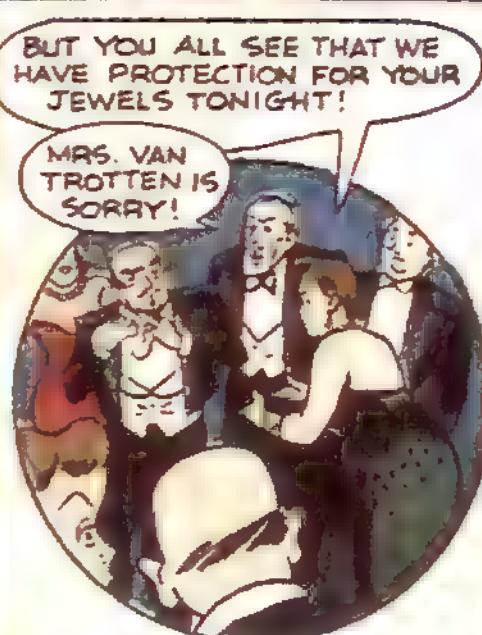
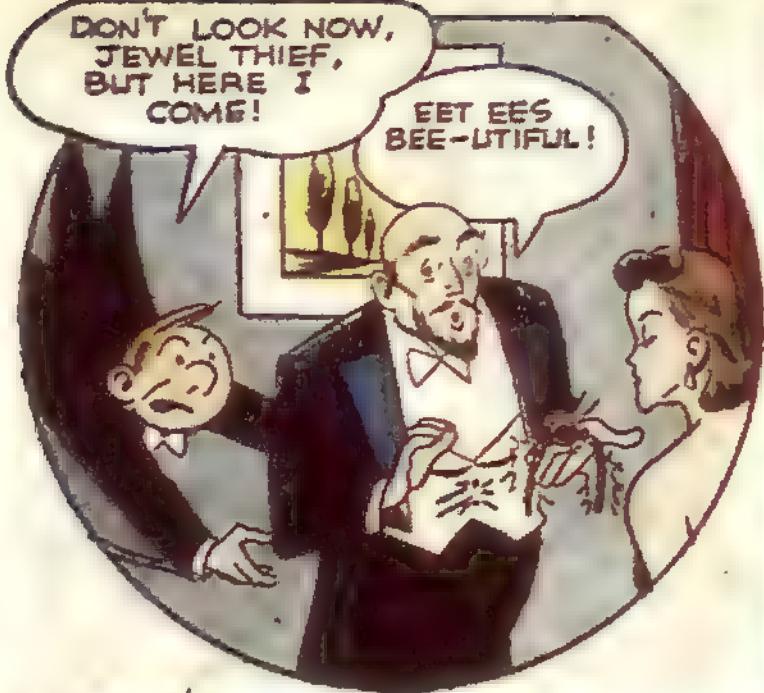
LATER...

AND I HOPE THE THIEVES DON'T... BUT WHO'D EVER KNOW ME IN THIS DISGUISE!

MRS. VAN TROTEN EXPECTS US!







CATCH UP ON YOUR GROCERIES,
WHILE I LOOK AROUND FOR
THE REAL CROOKS!

YEAH! I'M FOUR
SANDWICHES
BEHIND!

IN THE GAY THRONG, SLAM CATCHES A
GLIMPSE OF TWO OLD ENEMIES....

SAAAY! AREN'T THOSE
MUGS... YEP, SOCIETY PETE
AND SLICKY SLIDER! BETTER
KEEP AN EYE
ON 'EM!

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS
GO OUT...



SHORTY, I LOST
SIGHT OF PETE
AND SLIDER!

HELP, SLAM!
I LOST A HAM
SANDWICH!

A MOMENT LATER, THE
LIGHTS SNAP ON...

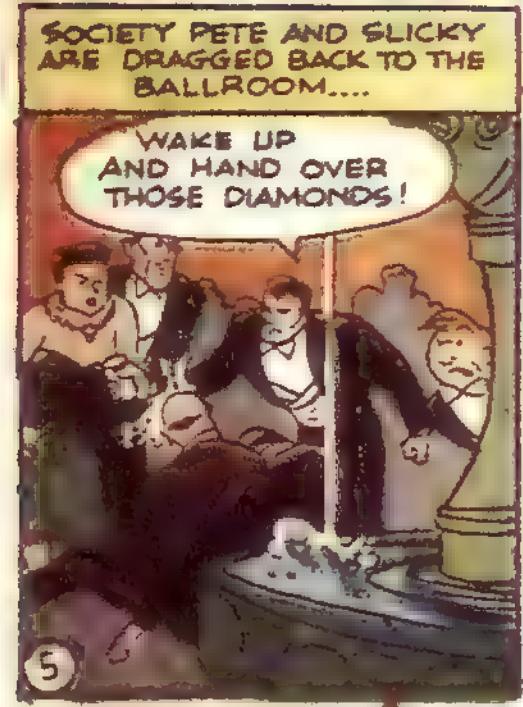


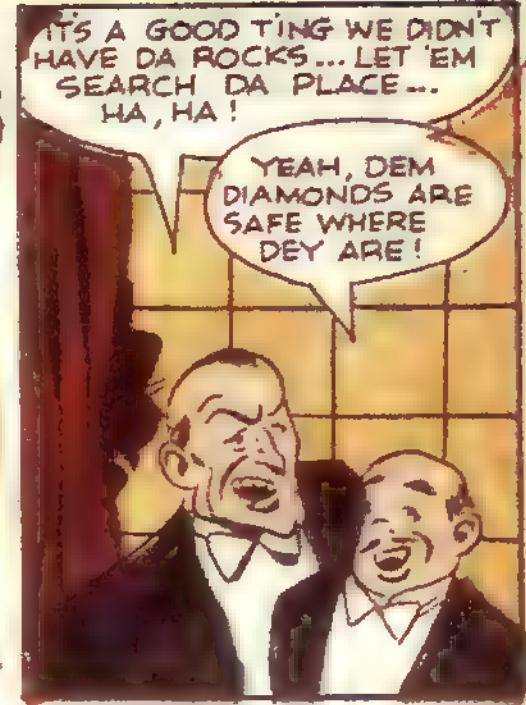
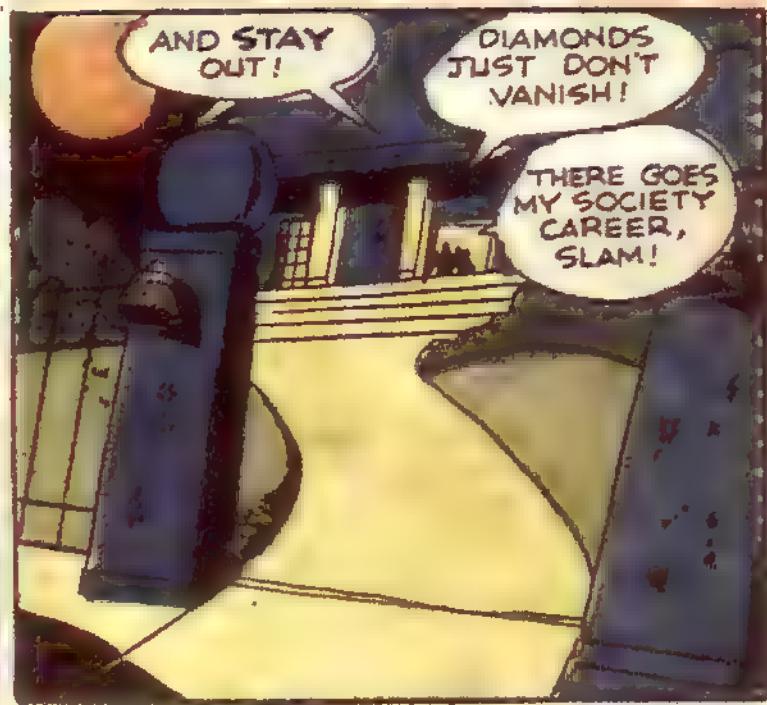
COME ON, SHORT
STEPS! AFTER THEM!

HOPE WE'RE
RIGHT THIS
TIME, BIG
BRAIN!

WHY USE
ELEVATORS?

GOING
DOWN!





ONLY I DON'T LIKE DE
ODOR! PHOOBY! DEM
JEWELS SMELL BY DA
TIME WE GET
'EM!

SO WELL SPRAY
'EM WIT' LADIES
POIFUME...LIKE
DA LAST ONES!

THERE'S THAT SECRETARY,
TAYLOR...HE'S FEEDING
THE GOLDFISH!

WHAT...
AGAIN?
SAY....!

IN A FLASH EVERYTHING
BECOMES CLEAR TO SLAM!

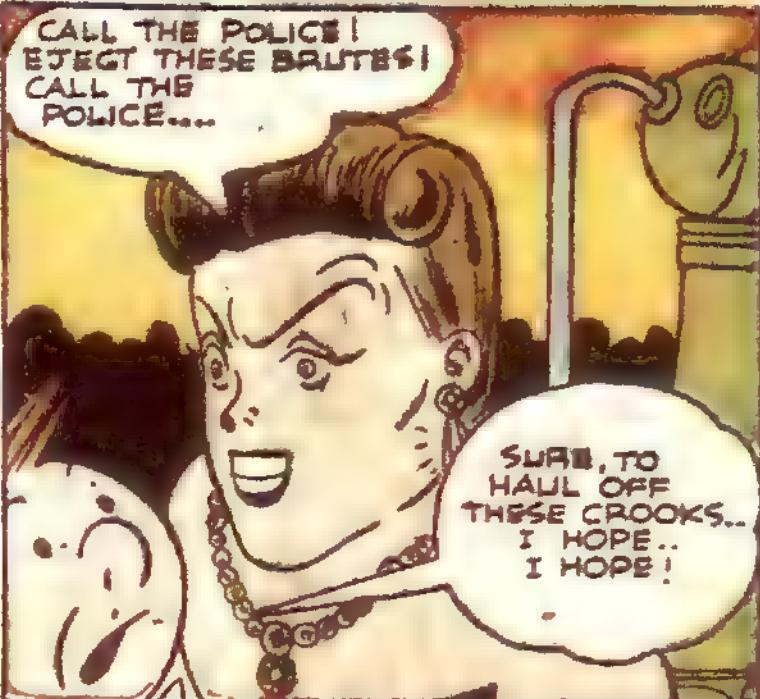
SMELL? HAVE TO PERFUME
THE JEWELS...ODOR ON
DIAMONDS.. I'VE GOT
IT!!

PERFUMED
DIAMONDS?
DOESN'T MAKE
SENSE!

HERE'S WHERE WS
WRAP UP THE
CASE!

THIS IS OUR THIRD
TIME AT BAT...
HOPE WE MAKE A
HIT...OR WE STRIKE
OUT FOR GOOD!

THAT'S TWO OF 'EM!
NOW FOR TAYLOR!



YOU FOLKS CAN ALL STOP
SEARCHING FOR
THOSE GEMS!

STEPPING TO THE FOUNTAIN, SLAM
LIFTS OUT RAINBOW-FIN....

LITTLE FISHIE,
SWIMMING IN A POOL,
SQUEEZE THE FISHIE...
OUT POPS THE JEWEL!

WELL,
WHAT DO
YOU
KNOW?

YOU SEE THESE CLEVER CROOKS WOULD
SNATCH THE GEMS WHEN YOUR SECRETARY,
TAYLOR, PUT THE LIGHTS OUT... AND
HAND 'EM TO HIM... THE FISH THEN
MADE A SWELL
SAFE-DEPOSIT
BOX, WHEN HE
FED 'EM!

YOU'VE
SOLVED THE
CASE!

WE NEED A VACATION.
SHORTY... LET'S GO
FISHING!

WITH THE
REWARD WE CAN
AFFORD IT! BUT
NO GOLDFISH!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 21, 1912,
AND MARCH 4, 1923, OF DETECTIVE COMICS published monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1932.

State of New York }
County of New York }

Notary Pub., a notary public is and for the State and County aforesaid,
personally appeared J. A. Lissowitz, who, having been duly sworn according
to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the DETECTIVE
COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief,
a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the
circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the
above caption received by the Act of August 21, 1912, as amended by the
Act of March 4, 1923, embodied in Section 237, Postal Laws and Regulations,
printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor,
and business manager are: Publishers Detective Comics, Inc., 430 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Robert P. W. Ellsworth, 430 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Marketing Manager, Name; Business Manager, J. A. Lissowitz, 430 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the name and address of the corporation, its name and address
must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of
stockholders owning one per cent or more of total amount of stock.
(If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual
owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated
concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member,
must be given.) Detective Comics, Inc., 430 Lexington Ave., New York 17.

N. Y.; H. Donenfeld, 430 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; P. M. Baumgarten, 430 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

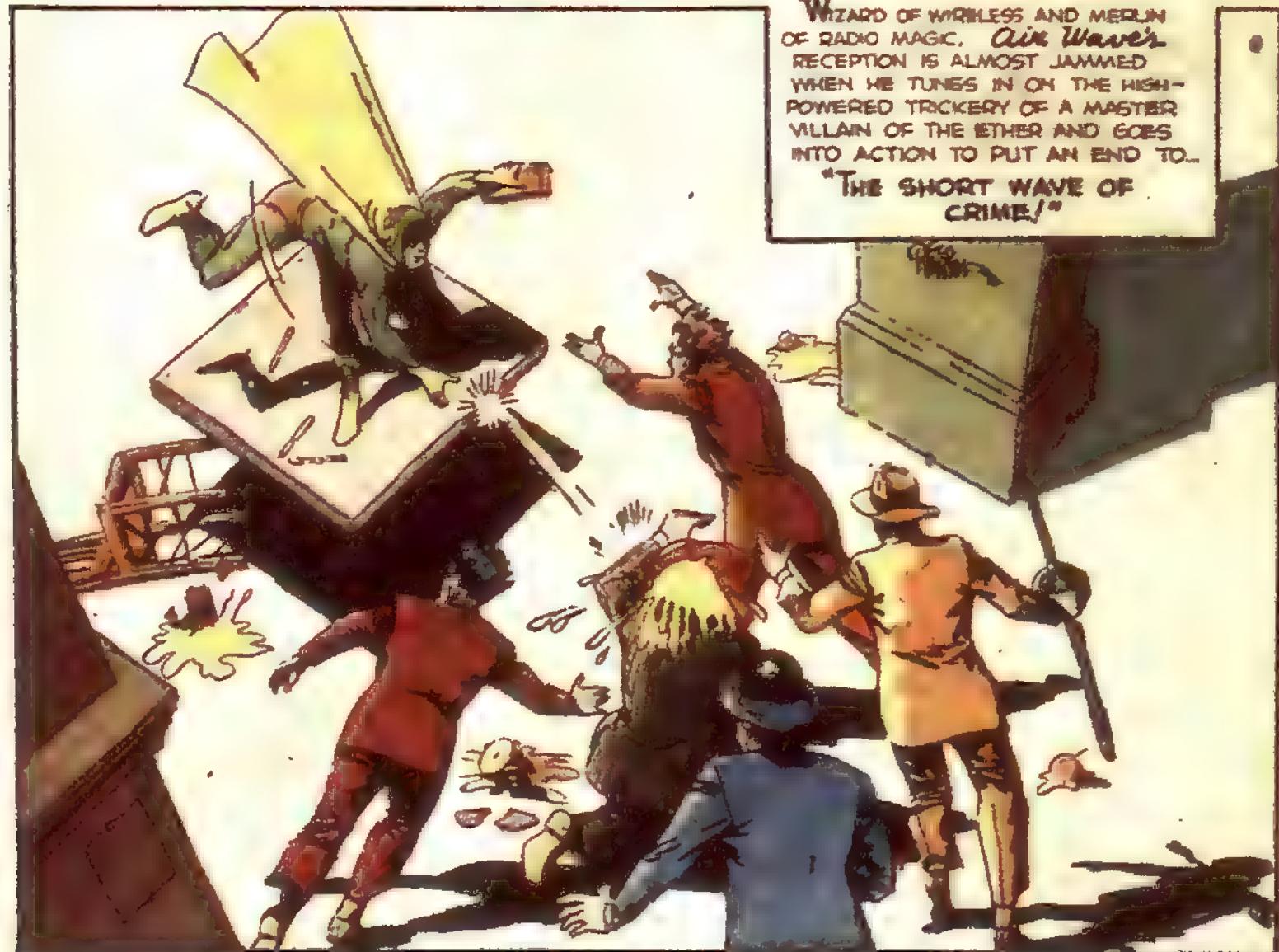
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders
holding or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or
other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

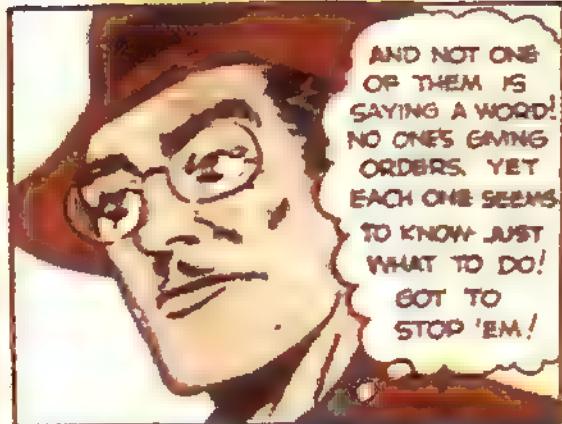
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners,
stockholders, and security holders, if any, aforesaid not only the list of stock-
holders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company
but also in case where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the
books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name
of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also
that the real two paragraphs enable statements regarding assignee's full
knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which
stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the
company as trustees, hold stock and securities is a trustee other than that
of a bona fide owner; and this affidavit has no reason to believe that any other
person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the
said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. A. LISSOWITZ, Business Manager

Dated to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1932.
ALVIN R. TAYLOR, Notary Public (My commission expires March 20, 1941)

AIR WAVE





PLEASANT DREAMS, PAL!

ABRUPTLY, AS THOUGH OPERATED BY A SINGLE FORCE, THE GANG OF THUGS RETIRE IN PERFECT ORDER... AND SILENCE...

WHY...? THEY ACT AS IF THEY'RE OBEDIING ORDERS. BUT NO ONE HAS SAID ANYTHING!

SPEEDING AFTER THE CRIMINALS, *Air Wave* IS BROUGHT TO A SUDDEN HALT!

SWELL WORK, BOYS! IT CAME OFF LIKE CLOCKWORK IN SPITE OF THAT GREEN RADIO TUBE POPPING UP! NOW WE'RE READY FOR THAT CUSTOMS HOUSE JOB... WHERE'S GAT? LET'S GO BACK FOR HIM!

WHAT'S THIS? THE THUG'S TALKING YET HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!

STILL WITHOUT UTTERING A WORD, THE BANDITS RESCUE THEIR COMRADE AND DASH OUT, LEAVING A STUNNED *Air Wave* BEHIND...

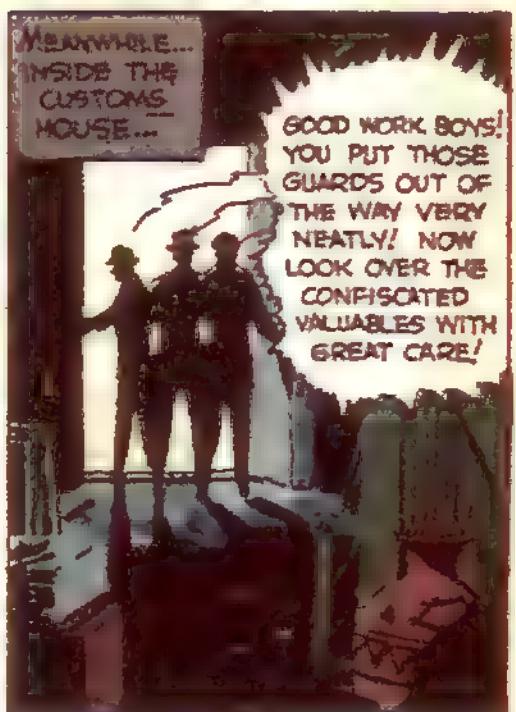
LATER, *Air Wave*, NOW ACCCOMPANIED BY HIS PARROT PAL, *Static*, TAKES UP THE TRAIL...

HASTE IS THE SPICE OF LIFE!

WELL. ANYHOW, I KNOW THEY'RE GOING TO TACKLE THE CUSTOMS HOUSE BUT THAT UNCONSCIOUS GUY TALKING HAS ME STUMPED!

THE WHOLE CASE DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! A PERFECTLY EXECUTED CRIME JUST TO STEAL SANDWICHES! SO WELL REHEARSED THAT... SAY, MAYBE THAT'S IT!

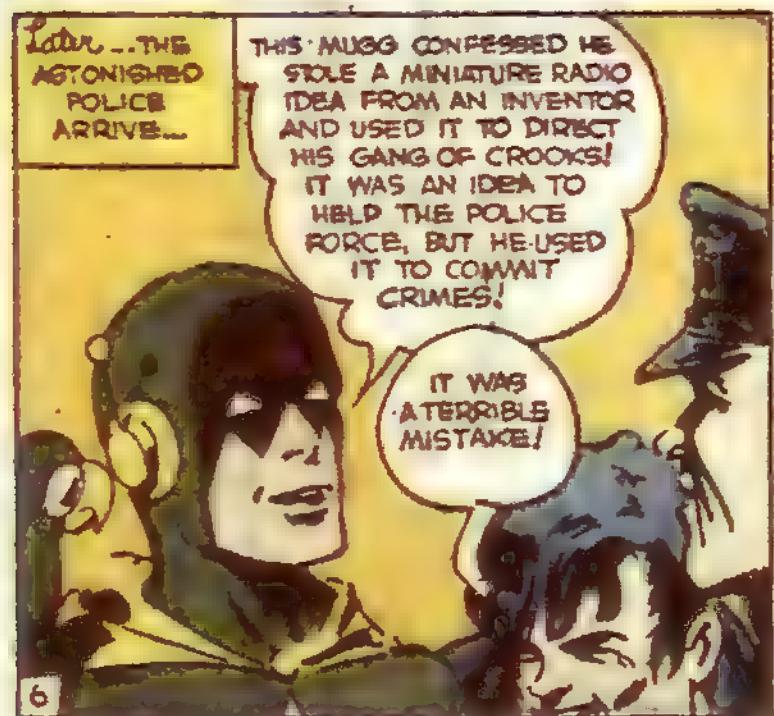
AWWRK! A STITCH IN TIME IS BETTER THAN HALF A LOAF!







THERE'S YOU ARE! I WAS WONDERING WHICH ONE OF YOU BOYS WAS GIVING THE ORDERS!



HELP ME SMASH THIS MENACE!

--- AND WIN A FREE
MEMBERSHIP IN THE
SUPERMEN OF AMERICA!



JOIN THE
MARCH OF DIMES
AGAINST
INFANTILE PARALYSIS!

AMERICANS EVERYWHERE ARE CELEBRATING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY BY CONTRIBUTING TO THE MARCH OF DIMES. THIS YEAR, AS IN THE PAST, YOUR DIMES WILL BE FORWARDED TO THE PRESIDENT IN WASHINGTON AND SPENT IN THE FIGHT AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS. BUT HERE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL.

IF YOU SEND YOUR DIME THIS YEAR TO SUPERMAN, YOU WILL RECEIVE ABSOLUTELY FREE A MEMBERSHIP IN THE SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB... INCLUDING PIN, SECRET CODE CARD AND

COLORFUL MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE! AND YOUR DIME WILL BE FORWARDED WITH THOUSANDS OF OTHERS TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO DO ITS PART IN THE FIGHT AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS. USE THE COUPON BELOW OR MAKE A COPY OF IT.

SPECIAL OFFER
TO MEMBERS OF THE
SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB!

IF YOU ARE already a member of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB, that doesn't prevent you from doing your part. If you send your dime to SUPERMAN for forwarding to President Roosevelt, you will receive a full-color picture of SUPERMAN, suitable for framing and autographed - "Thanks for your help!"

Sincerely,
Clark Kent (SUPERMAN)!

IMPORTANT: IF YOU ARE A MEMBER
DO NOT USE THE COUPON
write your name and address in a letter
and enclose your dime. The autographed
picture of SUPERMAN will be mailed
to you at once.

THIS FREE OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 1, 1944.

SUPERMAN,
480 LEXINGTON AVE.,
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

I enclose 10 cents in coin as a contribution to the March of Dimes, to help fight Infantile Paralysis. Enroll me, FREE, as a Member of THE SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB and send me the Complete Membership Kit at once.

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

THE SABOTEUR

by Eric Carter

HIS real name was Henri Hans Fabriot. His mother had been German, and his father a Frenchman. So, by the very nature of things, he presumed, he must be a German. Hadn't Herr Goebbels been preaching such things for so long now? The perfect race, this new *kultur* that had sprung up.

Henri Hans Fabriot was only twenty-nine, but he was no good for war. He had had a leg amputated following an automobile accident when he was nineteen. That had been in Berlin, the night a bunch of roistering high officials of the new party, then swept into power, had struck him with their car.

Oh, they had been intoxicated all right, and when they asked his name and he told them, one of them had said:

"So your mother was German. You should go back to the good German names, my son. We are the master race, as you shall see."

"Yes, Herr . . . Herr . . ." he fumbled, embarrassed, not knowing the man's name.

"Goebbelz. Paul Joseph Goebbels. Drop into the Ministry as soon as you are well."

Henri Hans, watching him, noticed the limp. Then he lay back, waiting for the ambulance. He had neglected to tell this Herr Goebbels that he, Henri Hans, did not live in Berlin. He was only visiting.

It was not until years later, that the new *kultur* came to Paris, and when the gray-clad conquerors marched triumphantly through the Champs Elysee, Henri Hans, standing with the crowd that had been commandeered, saw the man again.

And remembered. It was a fortunate remembrance, Henri Hans thought now, as he picked up his lunch pail and prepared to go to the factory the Renaults

had once owned. It was the English who owned it now, this former branch factory which had become a munitions works.

Only how cleverly these English had camouflaged their factory! It was set in the middle of a field. And all around it were dummy factories, so that no one—no airman, no worker, no spies—could know which was the right one. It was like giving the Nazis a taste of their own medicine, a game of expensive hide and seek. You try to find our factory and we'll try to find yours.

"But," Henri Hans thought to himself as he plodded toward the truck that would take him into the factory, "the English must guard against the saboteur." He smiled, thinking to himself of that day only a little over a year ago when he had stood in Goebbel's office and been informed that he had been selected to go to the saboteurs school, in the country outside Berlin.

It was the finest thing of its kind in the world, the Herr Doctor had assured Henri Hans. Only the most trusted, most capable Nazis would be admitted there. The schooling was harsh, but thorough, and when a man left there he was capable of doing inestimable damage. Herr Goebbels spoke mysteriously of the Reichstag fire, when the party was coming into power, and of some big ship across the water in the United States. "Our men do big things," he boasted, "and you, Hans, as a true German, will do them also and share in the glory that is our Fuehrer's!"

Thus, with a heil and a click was Henri Hans Fabriot, who resumed his mother's name of Shultz, initiated into the Nazi school of sabotage.

It was truly a wonderful edu-

cation. Henri Hans admitted to himself, "And something every nation should know more of," he added privately.

Walking on the street now, he nodded to other workmen. Englishmen they were. He knew their names and faces because he had been well schooled. He wondered what they would say if they realized that right within their midst was a graduate of the famed Nazi school of sabotage.

England! The island the Nazis could not conquer. Henri Hans recalled the speech of one of the instructors back in school—the boast: "The Luftwaffe will blacken the skies and with bombs light their way. England will be smoking ruins when we invade."

Back in Berlin, Henri Hans recalled, they weren't talking about that so much these days. One invasion had failed, and the Luftwaffe seemed to be losing its sense of direction every time it came over London. It managed to find the place without too much trouble. But it never did find its way home.

And now the orders were to bore from within. Saboteurs had been landed, some by parachute, some by submarine. But they had all been caught. Only Henri Hans had not been caught and here he was, working these past nine months, in an English munitions factory.

He, Henri Hans Fabriot—oh no, they had called him Shultz back in Berlin—was a saboteur. Henri's hands tingled as he thought of the things he had done. They itched to do more. Why, tonight was a milestone in his career. Or soon would be. He had been assigned to the block-busters, and would be in

charge of inspecting the delicate mechanisms that made them the worry of the Axis.

"Block-busters," he rolled the word on his tongue, like some delicious sweet, "Block-busters." He added: "And I shall be in charge."

"All out." The cheery voice of the guards roused him from his reverie. They were at the tunnel entrance that led into the real factory. There wasn't a man in the factory could tell the real place from the dummies, and maybe that was one of the reasons the Luftwaffe hadn't bombed it. That and the fact that the English were pretty accurate sharpshooters these days with their ack-ack.

No, if there was any sabotaging to be done it would have to be done in the factory.

Mechanically, Henri Hans opened his lunch box. Just the usual rations. A nod from the inspector and he went on in. He picked up his time card, punched it, and went through the big doors into the main room of the munitions factory.

He had never been in there before. A gasp escaped Henri Hans' lips as he saw the huge cranes picking up the monster bombs and placing them in the spot for shipment. They were all of a man's height and more; and what they carried inside, the Axis knew. They had felt it.

"You'll work here, Fabriot," said the foreman, a smiling Welshman. He shook hands with Henri Hans and wished him luck. "You know what to do, I guess?"

Henri Hans smiled to himself. "I do," he said aloud. Then, again, to himself: "I certainly do know what to do. I know more about these block-busters than you think, Mr. Foreman. I have been studying them since I came to work in this factory. There is nothing about them I do not know. As you will see."

He set his lunch down on the little desk and looked at the production chart. Good. These English, once they put their backs into things, couldn't be stopped. How Herr Goebbels

would love to look at these production figures. Instead, he had to content himself with merely feeling the results of the production. And anyone, even a Henri Hans Fabriot knew that such stories never make good propaganda. Except for the English.

It was with loving and tender care that Henri Hans moved among the completed block-busters. None, he knew, would observe him. To all intents and purposes, he was merely a man doing his job. And doing it thoroughly and carefully, testing this and that with trained fingers, eyeing every piece of delicate mechanism so that there would be no flaws.

In the sabotage school they had taught him this care, this careful attention to detail. It was now paying dividends. Henri Hans smiled to himself as he thought of the trust that had been placed in him by the English. Carefully, he bent over one of the block-busters. His fingers slid into the many parts of the almost-human mechanism. Then he smiled again as he twisted a coil. A moment later he straightened up, made a mark on his pad and prepared to go on.

Then he stopped. His eyes were riveted on the doorway. He saw the foreman there, pointing to him. Henri Hans didn't let his gaze stay long on the foreman. It was the other man, the tall thin man in the uniform of an English Colonel, that caused him to stiffen. Behind this man was the short, stocky figure of Weaver, of the Ministry of Defense. Weaver ran this plant.

"It is he," Henri Hans said, hollowly. "Colonel Marsh." And there was no doubt about it. Marsh it was, one of the cleverest men in Intelligence—and the last one Henri wanted to see!

He looked about for an escape, but knowing in his heart that he couldn't flee. Even now, Marsh was coming toward him with the lithe, tigerish glide that characterized his walk.

His hand fell on Henri's arm. "Well," he said. "So we've finally caught up with you, have we?"

Henri started to protest, then remained quiet. He felt as if the eyes of every workman in the place were on him. Actually, they weren't. Each man and woman was so busy attending to the job that none noticed the little drama.

And so, without fanfare, Henri Hans Fabriot, graduate of the school of sabotage in Germany, was ushered into Weaver's office and told to sit down.

He sat and his eyes were pleading. He almost cringed as Colonel Marsh said sternly: "Now, Henri Hans, what is all this nonsense?" He raised his hand. "I know you. You don't want to take time off. But we've had enough of your hiding behind anonymity. Tomorrow, whether you like it or not, you are going to be presented, right in this factory, with a medal!"

The Colonel's voice rose indignantly. "When, nine months ago, the underground informed us you were coming here to give us information on the school of sabotage and its operator, Henri, we knew you could be trusted. We wanted to reward you. But you refused to let us. Like the true Free Frenchman you are, you insisted on working in our factories, where you again have proved yourself."

Marsh paused, then said softly. "Henri Hans, you have stepped up production considerably since you have come to work here. Your ideas on the block-busters have been accepted by the War Office and will be put into immediate execution. Your fellow workers, and your countrymen should know the kind of fighting Frenchman you are. But you refuse to let us honor you. Now what do you want? What do you want to do?"

Henri Hans smiled. "Sabotage!" he said. "They taught it to me, those barbaric Nazis. "And, by working here I am sabotaging them—and shall continue until the day France is free again!"

The

The BOY COMMANDOS

in

CURTAIN CALL FOR ACTION



ORDER OF THE DAY

Don your Wigs, brush up on your Dialogue and hit the Footlights...we've got some entertaining to do for a bunch of Doughboys - and anything may happen!

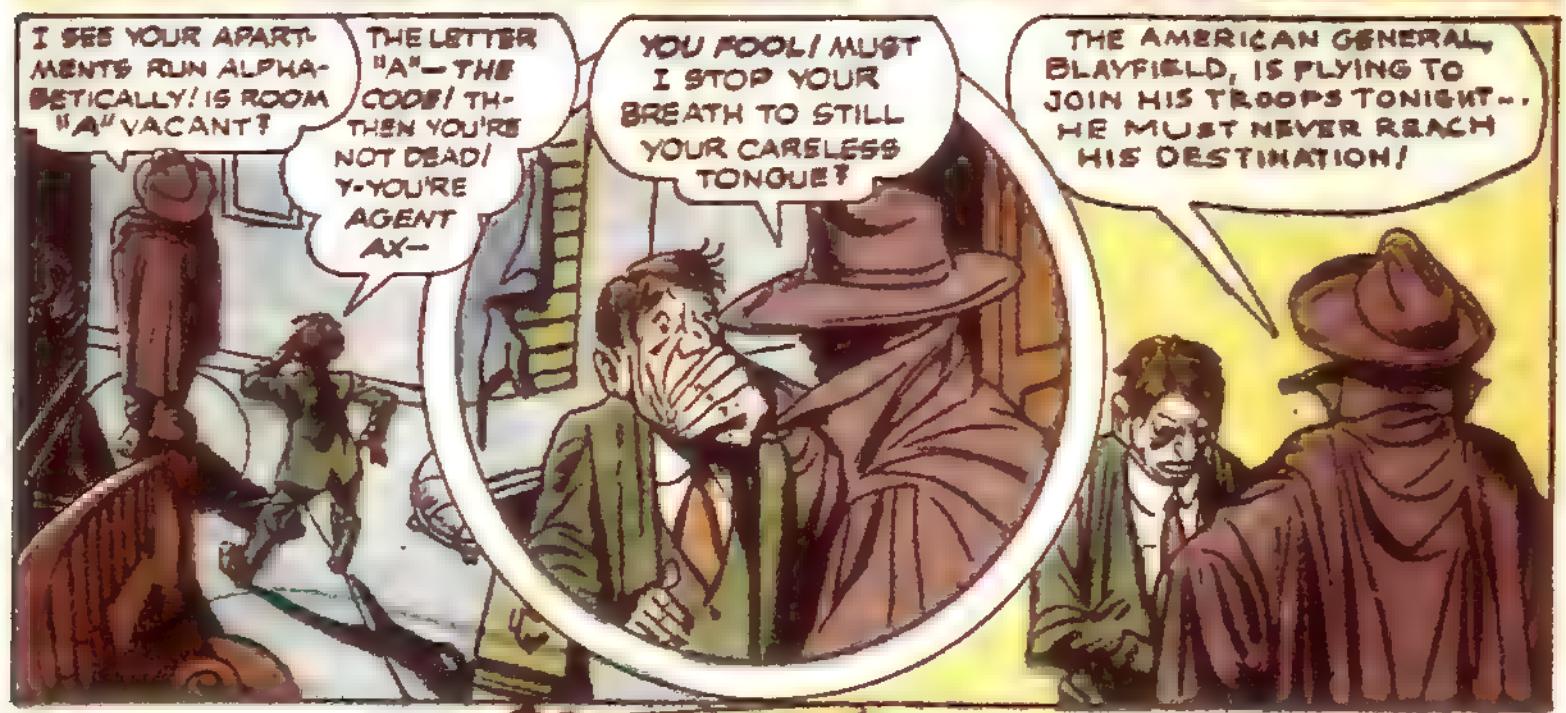
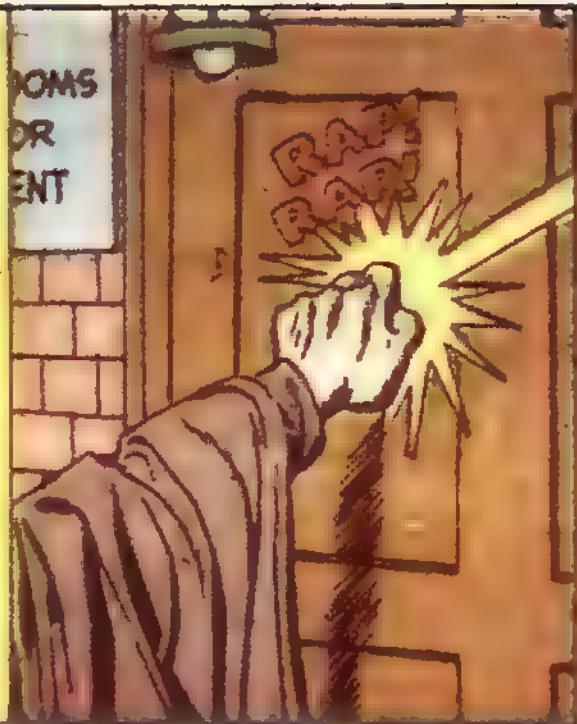
Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

ON WITH THE NOTBURY,
THE PAINT AND THE
POWDER! ON WITH THE
SHOW OF PAGLIACCI,
THE LAUGH-CRY
CLOWN! DRAW BACK
THE CURTAINS AND
WATCH RIP CARTER'S
BOY COMMANDOS
MAKE STAGE HISTORY
IN A THREE-ACT
DRAMA THAT NEEDS
NO REHEARSALS...
WITH A SLIGHTLY
CHILLY ENCORE BY
HITLER'S FORMOST
BOOGIE ACTOR...

by
JOE SIMON
and
JACK KIRBY

AGENT
AXIS!

THIS IS WAR...
AND THE
ENEMY IS
EVERWHERE!
ON THE
BATTLEFIELD
HE IS AN
ARMORED
BRUTAL ANIMAL—
DESTROYING
EVERYTHING
IN HIS PATH!
BEHIND THE
LINES...HE
IS THE
LURKING
SHADOW...THE
LISTENING
EAR...THE
KNOCK
AT THE
DOOR...

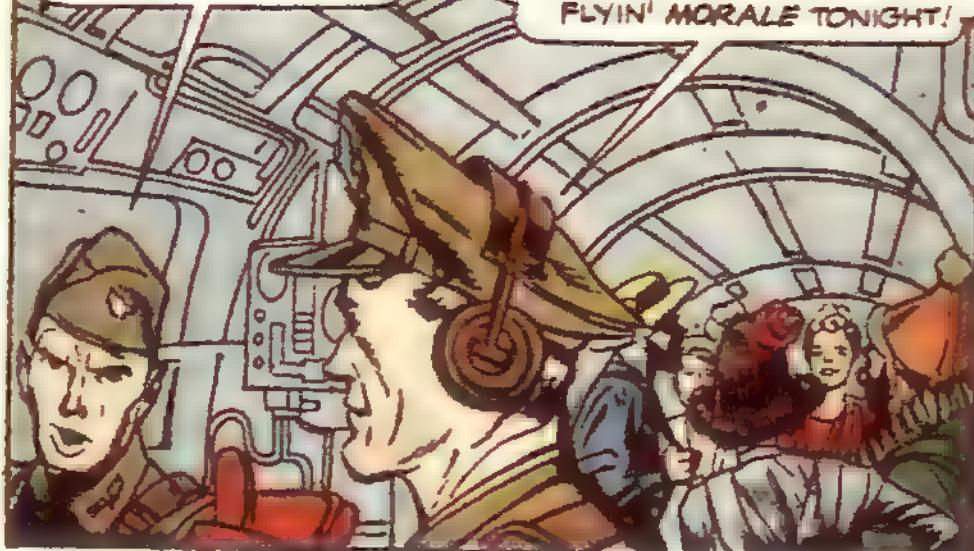


THE PLANE ROARS INTO THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT---
GUIDED ONLY BY THE PILOT'S INSTRUMENTS...

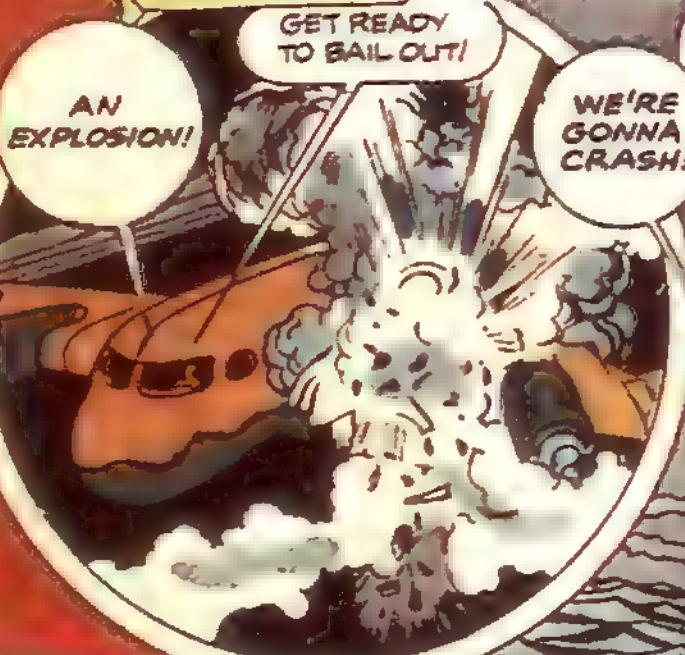


CAN YOU BEAT IT, JERRY---
JUST AS WE GET A CHANCE
TO HAUL A BIG GUY LIKE
BLAYFIELD ... HE TAKES
ANOTHER PLANE!

SOME ROTTEN LUCK, I CALLS
IT! BUT AT LEAST WE HAVE
SOMETHING! WITH ALL THOSE
USO ENTERTAINERS ON
BOARD, YA MIGHT SAY WE'RE
FLYIN' MORALE TONIGHT!



SUDDENLY...



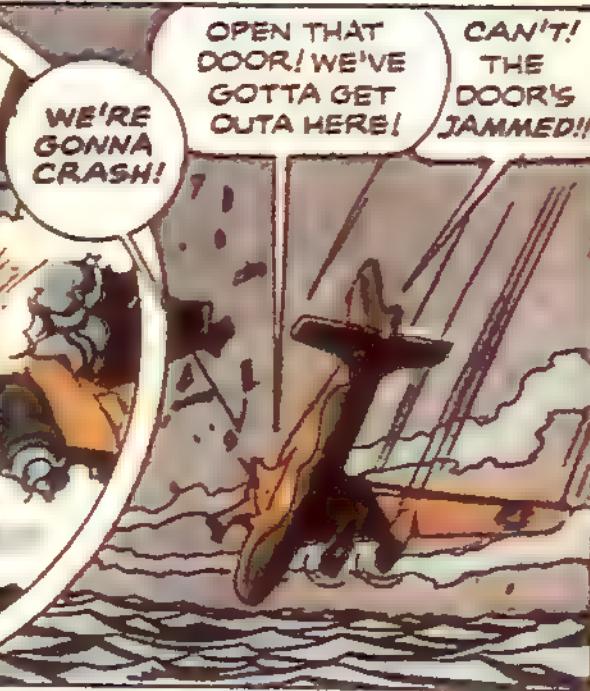
GET READY
TO BAIL OUT!

AN EXPLOSION!

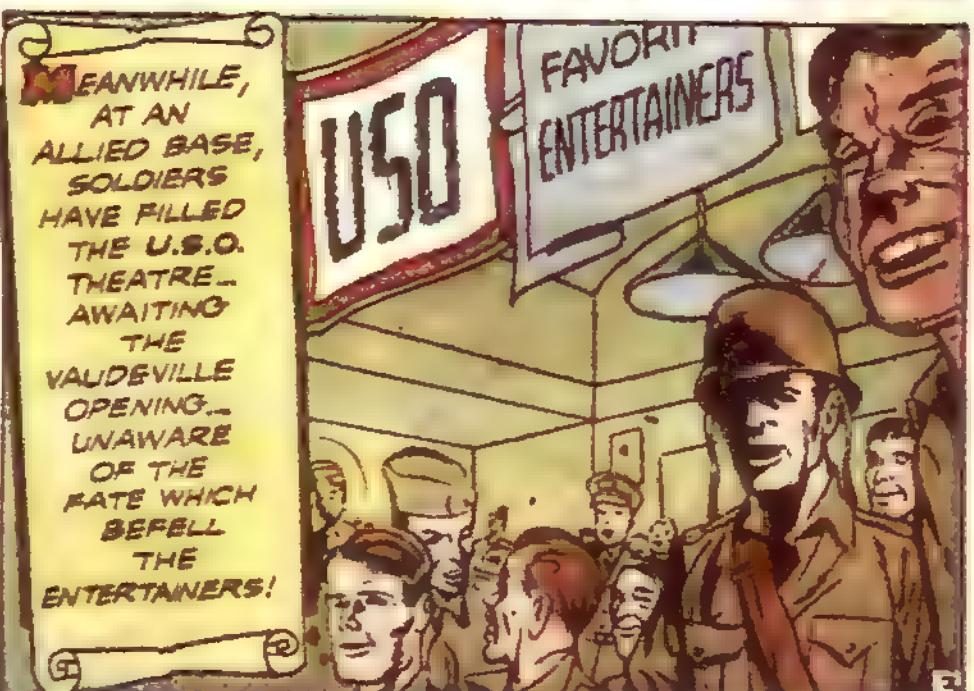
WE'RE
GONNA
CRASH!

OPEN THAT
DOOR! WE'VE
GOTTA GET
OUTA HERE!

CAN'T!
THE
DOOR'S
JAMMED!!



MEANWHILE,
AT AN
ALLIED BASE,
SOLDIERS
HAVE FILLED
THE U.S.O.
THEATRE...
AWAITING
THE
VAUDEVILLE
OPENING...
UNAWARE
OF THE
FATE WHICH
BEFELL
THE
ENTERTAINERS!



GR-RR! WOTTA COSTUME!
HOPE NONE O' DE BOYS FROM HOME IS IN DE AUDIENCE!

CAN YA BEAT IT--?
BLIMEY... H'I'M GONNA BE A REAL H'ACTOR!

HURRY UP AND GET INTO THOSE COSTUMES!
IT'S PAST CURTAIN TIME NOW!

LISSEN, GANG! THE NAZIS SABOTAGED THAT USO DETACHMENT---AND THE SOLDIERS OUT THERE EXPECT A SHOW! ARE WE GOING TO LET THEM DOWN---OR GIVE THEM A PERFORMANCE?

WHILE BACKSTAGE...

H'I'T'Ll BE A BLOOMIN' PLEASURE TO ACT FOR 'EM!

I'LL BE DE BEST TROOPER SINCE COHAN!

GOOD! GENERAL BLAYFIELD IS IN THE FRONT ROW! LET'S GIVE 'EM A SHOW!

CURTAIN! ON STAGE!!

HELLO, FOLKS!
AND GOOD EVENING FRIENDS!

USO

SO YOU CAME 'ERE ON A SECRET MISSION, EH, BROOKLYN--WOT H'I'S H'IT?

I DUNNO! IT'S SO SECRET THEY DIDN'T TELL ME!

WOW! WHAT A CORNY JOKE!

WHAT DID ZE THREE RUSSIANS SAY AFTER DINNER?

SO VEE ETI

WHO'S DAT GUY WOT'S DRESSED AS A STRAWBERRY BLONDE, RIPT?

NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE--AND SAY--WHERE'S HE GOING?

'OH' RE WE
DOIN'
BROOKLYN?

NOT SO HOT WIT
DESE CLUB FEET
O' MINE... BUT DAT
GUY WHO'S MADE
LIP LIKE A DAME
IS GETTIN' CHUMMY
WIT DE GENERAL!



THE MUSIC STOPS---A
DRAMA WITHIN A DRAMA
IS PRESENTED--

NOW... GET
UP, GENERAL!
WALK TO
THE EXIT!

WH-WHAT'S
THE MEANING
OF THIS? ARE
YOU SERIOUS?



IF YOUR MEN
MAKE ONE FALSE
MOVE, GENERAL
BLAYFIELD....
I WILL NOT
HESITATE TO
KILL YOU!

YOU'RE
PLAYING A
DANGEROUS
GAME,
YOUNG
LADY!



I DON'T KNOW
WHO WROTE
HER SCRIPT...
BUT THAT'S
NOT PART OF
THE SHOW!

DAT WUZ NO
SOLDIER—
DAT WUZ A
DOOL!

SACRE
BLEU!! I
CANNOT
BELIEVE
WHAT I SEE!!



DON'T SHELL
KILL THE
GENERAL!

ONE SIDE,
YANK... THAT'S
AGENT AXIS!

LEMMIE AT
DAT LAME-
BRAIN
DAME!



WHAA—? THE
GESTAPO!!
HOW'D THEY
GET HERET

DIRTY SNEAKS!
TYKE THAT!!



HERE COMES
DE FLATBUSH
EXPRESS, RAT!





.BY NOW THE SURPRISED YANK TROOPS RECOVER THEMSELVES AND POUR FROM THE EXIT--



LATER...

THOUGH ME
HEART IS
FILLED WIT
SORROW...
LAUGH,
CLOWN...
BAH!

YAH!!
DER
SHOW
MUST
GO ON!
HAH!!

EES THEENK-
ING ZE
AMERICAN
GENERALE
DO FUNNEE
THEENG'S!

THERE'S SOME-
THING QUEER GOING
ON, FELLOWS.
AND I CAN'T SAY
EXACTLY WHAT
IT IS... BUT
WE'VE GOT TO
BREAK OUT OF
THIS PLACE AND
CLEAR
OURSELVES!

WHILE AT THE GENERAL'S
HEADQUARTERS...

NEVER MIND A TRIAL!
TAKE THOSE TRAITORS
OUT AND EXECUTE
THEM--NOW!

BUT, SIR--
YOU CAN'T
JUST...

WHO SAYS I CAN'T?
I'M RUNNING THIS MAN'S
ARMY... AND I SAY
SHOOT THEM!

YES,
SIR!

NOT ONLY THAT, STUPID...
BUT I'M ALSO GIVING
ORDERS FOR AN
ATTACK ON THE NAZI
STRONGHOLD AT
HILL 69!

BUT, SIR...
WE HAVEN'T
AIR AND
TANK
SUPPORT!

IT WOULD BE
OLTRIGHT
MURDER, SIR!
HILL 69 IS
STRONGER
THAN
GIBRALTAR!

THERE'S NOTHING TOO STRONG
FOR OUR SOLDIERS! ISSUE
THE ORDER TO ATTACK AT
DAWN... THAT'S ALL!

RELUCTANTLY,
THE AMERICAN
OFFICERS
FOLLOW THEIR
UNDEMOCRATIC
ORDER... TO
SHOOT THE
COMMANDOS
WITHOUT
TRIAL!
RIP AND THE
BOYS WALK
DAZEDLY
UNDER GUARD...
SHUFFLING
OUT TO THE
COURTYARD
TO DIE... A
TRAITOR'S
DEATH!!

BOO-HOO-HOO...

SNIFF...
SNIFFL!

SEE, GUARDS...THEY'RE
MERE BOYS! THIS IS
TOO MUCH FOR THEM--
CAN'T THEY JUST FEED
US POISON?

SORRY,
CARTER!
GENERAL
PLAYFIELD'S
ORDERS!

COMMANDOS DON'T CRY
FOR MERCY, CARTER! IF
YOU'RE PLANNING AN ES-
CAPE, MAKE IT FAST... MY
MEN AND I COULD NEVER
LOOK AT OLD GLORY
AGAIN IF WE WENT
THROUGH WITH THIS!

SUDDENLY...

TANKS FOR DE
RAIN CHECK,
YANK! HATE
TA DO DIS!

WE
WON'T FOR-
GET THIS,
CAPTAIN!

OH'M SORRY
TOO, CHUM!

THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS
REACT AMAZINGLY SLOW
TO STOP THE ESCAPING
PRISONERS--WHOM
THEY CAN EASILY
OVERWHELM!

AH--ER--HALT!
HALT, I SAY!

CRACK RIFLEMEN
FUMBLE CLUMBILY AT
THEIR GUNS--A
FUSILLADE OF BULLETS
FOLLOW THE COMMANDOS
...BUT THE SHOTS FLY
HARMLESSLY ABOVE RID
AND THE BOYS!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

CAREFUL,
YOU GUYS!
DO YOU WANNA
HIT 'EM?

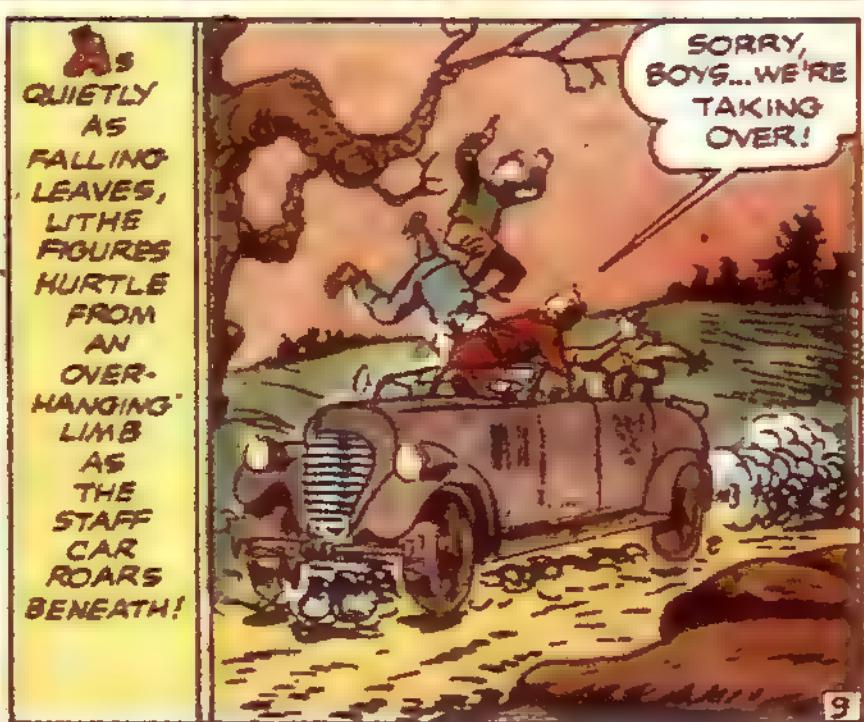
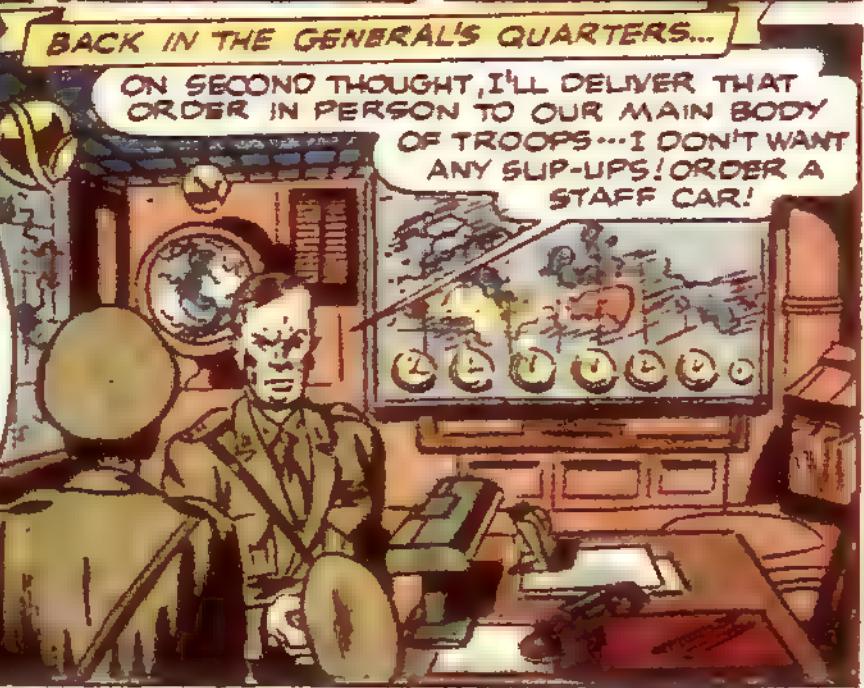
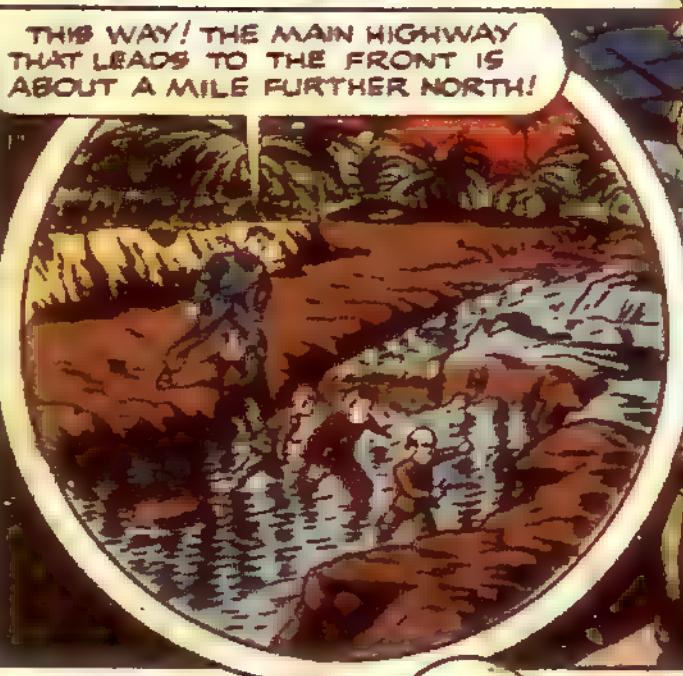
THE
COMMANDOS
ARE
LEAVIN!!

COME ON, FELLAS!
WE'VE GOT TO OPERATE FAST! BUT
FIRST LET'S FIND SOME COVER!

WE'LL BE SAFE HERE
...NOW LISTEN...I'VE
GOT MY OWN IDEAS ABOUT THAT
GENERAL...

JUST BEFORE WE LEFT
THE GUARD HOUSE...I
HEARD ABOUT HIS ORDER
TO ATTACK HILL 69...THE
YANKS WILL BE WIPEP
OUT TO A MAN IF THAT
ORDER IS CARRIED
OUT...SO HERE'S
WHAT WE'LL DO-

HMM...
IT MIGHT
WOIK AT DAT!



I DON'T LIKE FIGHTING
MY OWN MEN--BUT
THIS IS A JOB THAT'S
GOTTA BE DONE!

SORRY, SOLDIERS...
BUT TROUBLE'S GOING
TO POP ANY
SECOND NOW!

H'AND THERE
GO THE
HORDERS TO
ATTACK
HILL 69!

THIS'LL SAVE A
FEW THOUSAND
AMERICAN LADS!

---AND THEN...AS THE COMMANDERED
CAR ROUNDS A CURVE---

HERE THEY COME! WHY--
IT'S COMMANDOS IN THAT
CAR! SHOOT THEM DOWN!

LOOK
OUT!

CONFOUND THOSE
COMMANDOS--THEY'RE
RUINING ALL OUR
PLANS!

DON'T
STOP
NOW,
BROOKLYN!

ALL OUT!
END OF
DE LINE!

ACH!

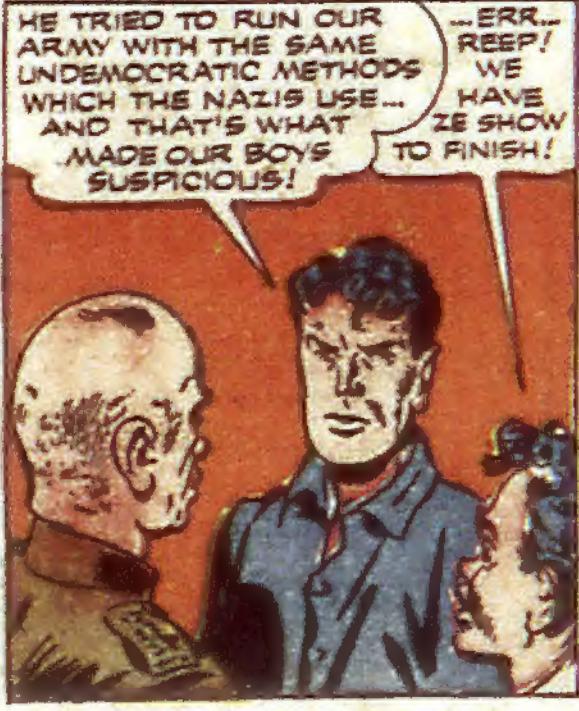
LOOK...
I FOUND
ANNUDER
GENERAL!

IMPOSTOR!

IMPOSTOR!

ONE OF YOU IS A NAZI
AGENT--AND WE'LL HAVE
TO FIND OUT WHO
THAT SPY IS--





Boys!
FREE

**5 POWER
TELESCOPE**



WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New COMMANDO KRAK-A-JAP MACHINE GUN



*Safe!
Harmless!*

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it is painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely **SAFE** and **HARMLESS**. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

**BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR
NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"**

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

SEND NO MONEY

To Get Your COMMANDO
Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

ILLINOIS MERCHANTISE MART, Dept. 1717
80 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for \$1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope and I will pay the postman \$1.98 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

Please send me 2 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 2 Free Telescopes at the special price of \$3.75 ea saving of 17c.

Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon

Super Stamp Outfit

BIG 10-UNIT KIT

FREE

with this offer

Including Stamp Album.. Stamp Packets
Great Magnifying Glass.. Stamp Supplies
You Get All These FREE With This Offer

NO "APPROVALS"
TO BUY!

Whether you are a stamp collector or not, here is an opportunity to get FREE such astonishing merchandise that it seems almost unbelievable. You receive ABSOLUTELY FREE all kinds of choice stamps and stamp materials . . . a collection

of wonderful supplies which you will spend many days and weeks enjoying . . . and many years of delightful possession. All these are yours FREE & CLEAR by accepting our offer on the wonderbook of adventures and treasures, "Fabulous Stamps". Remember, these wonderful stamps and album and magnifying glass and other supplies are yours to keep and enjoy . . . You don't have to buy any "approvals" . . . You don't have to be an "approval applicant" . . . All these stamps and merchandise are yours WITHOUT A PENNY COST.

One of the FREE items in this Big 10-UNIT Collection is the extraordinary, picture-packed Album shown above. It contains thousands—yes, THOUSANDS—of illustrations of stamps . . . appearing under HUNDREDS of different countries . . . and additional spaces for thousands of other stamps from all over the world . . . Also explains in simple language and pictures how to start your stamp collection . . . We are also sending you FREE all kinds of valuable stamps so you can start at once putting them into this wonderful, big Album.

Actual Size
of Magnifier
Almost ½ Foot
in Circumference

YOU GET ALL THESE FREE

- 1 A Great Magnifying Glass, Strong Lens, Originally Ground & Polished, Neatly mounted in sturdy frame with handle.
- 2 Wonder Packet of Odd & Quirky Stamps, including Triangle, Diamond, Giant, and Midget. No duplicates.
- 3 Super Packet of Air Mail Stamps, including U. S. & Foreign. No duplicates.
- 4 Magnificent Packet of Different Commemorative Stamps. No duplicates.
- 5 Picturesque Packet of Different Animal Stamps. No duplicates.
- 6 Colorful Packet of Assorted Stamps from all over the World. No duplicates.
- 7 Perforation Gauge with Millimeter Scale and Rule.
- 8 Packet of Fine Peelable Stamp Hinges for attaching Stamps to Album Pages.
- 9 Watermark Detector for Stamps, with directions for use.
- 10 Big, picture-packed Album, including thousands of stamp illustrations, etc.

HERE ARE FORTUNES IN STAMPS

This great book, FABULOUS STAMPS, tells astounding stories, and gives information which may lead you to a fortune. It gives the complete histories of marvelous stamps, and is full of pictures. You will gasp with astonishment at some of these tales about rare stamps . . . how people have made fortunes out of different stamps . . . You simply must see this great book . . . Only a person like John W. Nicklin, the well-known stamp dealer and author, with his lifetime knowledge, could have written these exciting, fortune-making stories. No wonder his writings have been sought by thousands of collectors all over the world . . . Whether you are young or old, whether you are a stamp collector or not, doesn't matter. These true adventures of discovered treasures will give you knowledge to make you the envy of your friends . . . and they suggest how you too, like so many others, might make your fortune in discovering valuable stamps. So don't delay, send for it today.

BIG FREE OFFER

EXAMINE IT FREE This great wonderbook, Nicklin's FABULOUS STAMPS, is offered to you now for only \$1.50 plus postage, a substantial reduction from its former price. We will include ABSOLUTELY FREE with your order ALL THE STAMPS & MERCHANDISE described above. You are sure to be 100% thrilled and delighted, but if you're not you may return them for full refund within ten days. But you must ACT AT ONCE, because the difficulty in getting all these materials may soon force us to withdraw this SUPER FREE OFFER. Send no money. RUSH COUPON TODAY.

METRO PUBLICATIONS, 50 WEST 17TH ST., NEW YORK

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STAMPS

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WHITE
SUPPLY
LASTS

SEND NO MONEY

METRO PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 444-C
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Address _____

City & State _____

Check here if you are enclosing \$1.50, thus saving mailing costs (same refund guarantee). Canadian orders, \$2.50 is advance.

HURRY! HURRY!

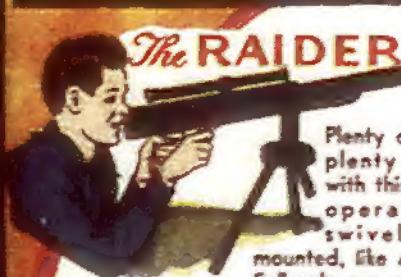
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GET YOUR PRIZE!



\$1000.00
IN GRAND AWARDS

in addition to your regular prize
WIN CASH or U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS
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Sell only one order.

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stories for
boys, girls
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lation size hand axe with sheath that
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— This fine Camera takes 16 pic-
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OUR 26TH YEAR

Send No Money—We Trust You

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 100, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 100, Lancaster, Pa.

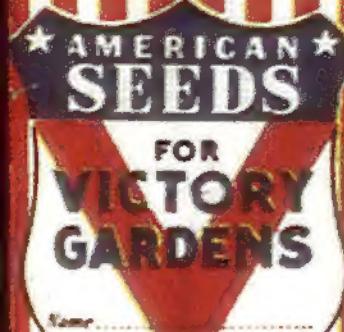
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My choice of prize is _____

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THE "VICTORY BADGE"
WE SEND YOU, HELPS
YOU TO SELL SEEDS

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